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## THE DUTIES OF THE RICH TOWARDS THE POOR.

It cannot be supposed that at this period of Christian history any thing new can be advanced upon a subject so trite, and apparently so threadbare, but which in point of fact can never be exhausted so long as human society remains unchanged in the relative conditions of its constituents. "The poor ye have always with ye," says our common Redeemer; God has so ordered it, society has its classes, and to the greater part of mankind, poverty is a legacy from generation to generation, from which individuals may escape, but which is bound to predominate for ever among the masses. The rich and the poor have figured in history from its earliest annals, and he must indeed be a deluded enthusiast who thinks the future will be essentially different from the past. Modifications, ameliorations, partial changes there may be, yet the same general laws will prevail, as intrinsic to humanity, until time shall be no more. The duties, then, of the rich towards the poor, are like the missions of the Church militant, perpetual; they cease only with the consummation of ages. When then we bring the subject before our readers, it is not to amuse them with "something new," but to refresh them with what is better, the reflections and precepts of a Christian philosopher and priest, eminent alike for wisdom and piety. The article which we translate and subjoin will speak for itself:

THE DUTIES OF THE RICH TOWARDS THE POOR.—BY J. BALMES.

In the social as in the physical world, every thing is admirably arranged by the hand of Providence; with this difference however, that the physical world, composed of materials deprived of reason, and consequently without liberty, is obedient to invariable laws, is entirely subject to inflexible necessity; while in the social world, where man is endowed with free will, nothing is opposed to this faculty, which may choose between good and evil, life and death. The universe not being given up to chance, but controlled by this omnipotent hand, "which reaches without effort from one extreme to the other, and which disposes of all with power and ease," it is evident that society must be subject to certain laws established by the Creator, independent of the reason and the will of man. These laws may be violated beyond doubt, since in imposing them upon us God has not wished to deprive us of our liberty, and has left us the choice of our way; but he has

reserved to himself the right of restoring the equilibrium destroyed by any infraction of the laws, which he does by punishing the infraction, whether the guilty be an individual, a class, or society at large.

Just as an individual begins already in this life to experience the fatal consequences of misconduct, by loss of health, honor or fortune, or yet more by the moral torture which inwardly corrodes him; just so society, in departing from the way traced for it by the infinite wisdom and inexhaustible bounty of the Creator, never fails to feel the chastisement of its crime; at first it experiences a vague sense of inquietude, then disorders, more or less fatal, more or less prolonged; if it persists in its deviations, or hastens not to return to the appointed way, the anger of heaven bursts over it, the wrath of divine justice is poured out upon the guilty generations like a torrent of boiling lava.

Among the laws imposed by the Creator upon society, there is one which can neither be misunderstood, overlooked, nor contested, that is, that which imposes upon the higher classes the necessity of aiding and assisting the humbler classes by all means in their power. This law is engraven upon nature, dictated by reason, formally taught by Christianity, purified, sanctioned, made divine, by this sublime religion, which teaches that *the law and the prophets means, to love God above all things, and our neighbor as ourselves*. A law expressed by a sublime word, that the world in its blindness and pride disdains to employ, the profound sense of which it in vain attempts to convey by the words humanity and philanthropy; for this mysterious word embraces things of heaven and earth, cannot be limited to the present life, extending as it does into the regions of eternity; a sweet and gentle sound when whispered near the cradle, full of consolation and hope when uttered by the dying bed, a word which traverses like a ray of light even beyond the dark shadows of the tomb, which unites the living and the dead, the terrestrial Jerusalem with the city of the living God, actual generations with the past and future, a divine word which tends to give to the whole human race one heart and one soul, in plunging it into an ocean of light and love in the bosom of the Eternal Father; *this word is Charity*.

Look over the pages of history, sum up the lesson of experience, you will ever find that the classes which have acquired riches, comforts, honors, influence and prerogative in society, have acquired all these advantages as a recompense for services rendered; you will see equally at the same time, that so soon as they have forgotten the cause and the end of their elevation, they have commenced to decline, and have ended in complete decay.

Here, as in many other conditions of the civilized world, the power and the ascendant of the popular element, when no longer restrained by benefits or by examples of superior virtue, have erected themselves against all social elevations, and have sometimes brought all down to the same level. Thus it happens that among certain nations we find but rare vestiges of their ancient aristocracy, something like the scattered pieces of an old suit of armor, objects of interest to the collector of curiosities, but useless enough to the modern soldier. Yet still there does exist a real aristocracy, which dates not, it is true, from any remote period, but which claims its superiority upon titles very different from those of the ancient aristocracies. It will be readily understood that we speak of that spring of commerce and industry, that is to say, of the aristocracy of gold. Its blazon indicates the greater or less amount of capital; its titles of nobility are bank notes; it points out to you not an antique hall, covered with arms and standards which are suspended there as testimonials of the valor and prowess of ancestors long departed,

but an iron chest, laden with specie, as an unequivocal title of nobility and distinction.

But it results from the very nature of things and the actual organization of society, that the existence of this moneyed aristocracy has become, as it were, a public necessity; it is a fact which the upheavings of no class whatever can overthrow, much less the declamations of journalists and demagogues. Apply the most unjust principles, proceed in the name of the most absurd theories, try the most insane systems, and bring, consequently, the fortunes of all citizens to the same level, let them all have an equal share in the wealth previously accumulated in the hands of the rich, let the most absolute equality prevail; when, by the impossible, this criminal dream should be realised so as to give it a momentary existence, the very next day, or rather the next moment, this equality will have completely disappeared. Prodigality on the one hand, avarice on the other, ignorance and sagacity, negligence and industry, disorder and prudence, gaming and the basest passions, will soon have reëstablished the reign of distinctions and of inequality. All measures adopted to prevent this disorder, not being able to reach the human heart, whence it springs, would be perfectly futile—riches would immediately change hands, many of the former rich would sink beyond doubt in extreme poverty, others would rise to their former condition and perhaps surpass it, but in all cases, notwithstanding individual exceptions, things would come back to the starting point, and we would still have forever the rich and the poor.

All of this proves one thing, that we are not to seek a remedy for the evils of society in certain doctrines, which shake its very foundations, and which propose, by way of cure, nothing less than total destruction. By whatever theories different schools explain the right of property, whatever modifications laws and customs have introduced in the exercise of this right, there is one thing certain, that it exists, that it is immovable and sacred, that it has been recognised in all times and in all countries, that it is founded upon natural and sanctioned by divine law, invariably inscribed upon all positive legislation, and imperiously demanded by the dearest interests of the individual and of society. Thus when there is any question of changes, of reforms, or of any innovations whatever, it is necessary that we always keep in view this fundamental law, to defend it from the least injury; for when once this inviolable limit has been crossed which stands between it and all injustice, we find ourselves gliding down a precipice, and none can say where the fall will be arrested.

But the very importance of the right of property, the grandeur of the throne where sits the highest impersonation of justice, makes us comprehend and more readily perceive, how necessary it is that by the side of this severe divinity, there should be seated one more gentle, more amiable, more beneficent, that is Charity. God has not given existence to the human race, has not covered the earth we inhabit with so many treasures indispensable to life, or simply useful and agreeable, that a small number of his children should profit exclusively by these advantages, without being willing to share with those to whom Providence has been less bountiful. Those in possession have without doubt a right to preserve their property; but they have also a duty to fulfil, quite as rigorous, which is that of aiding their fellow-men.

Christianity had preceded philosophy by centuries in all that affects love towards our brethren, and in the proclamation of universal fraternity. She declares now, always has, and always will declare against any attempt made upon the sacred right of justice; but at the same time she inculcates upon the rich, in the most

earnest manner, the obligation that rests upon them of sharing their abundance with the poor in the spirit of charity, she says to those who are afflicted with misfortune and want: Suffer without murmuring; to those who live in the midst of riches: Give in proportion to your means. If the man of wealth obeys not this command, religion will not embitter the poor man against him, nor encourage usurpation and vengeance; she turns again to him without compassion, recalls to him that a judge sits over him, an avenging God, whose ear is attentive to the wants of the poor, that the cry of the unfortunate, of the indigent, of the sick, deprived of all consolation and of all aid, rises even to the throne of the Most High, and that an omnipotent God receives with love, mixed with indignation, the groans of the afflicted, and that he reserves a punishment in the world to come for him who knows no pity, if indeed he does not send him even in this life some fearful retribution.

The struggle between the classes rich and poor, is not an affair confined to our age; it is of all times and of all countries; it only breaks out more conspicuously at the present day, because every one is at liberty to cry aloud against oppression and injustice, and to complain openly of his real or imaginary wrongs. It is also more conspicuous from the fact that in these times there is abroad a general sense of equality, so that there is a great aversion to any thing which appears to recall former social distinctions. Thence it is that the poor are not content to see among the rich, inherited titles, prerogatives from position, acquired privileges, nor any particular customs, which may prevent the amalgamation of nobles and plebians. The poor man can see between himself and his rich neighbor no other difference than that of wealth; he cannot perceive that the gradation of rank can have any other foundation than that of fortune; he lives in the persuasion that if on the morrow fate should endow him with riches, he would pass at once without other condition of any kind, from the most humble to the most elevated class. Such an opinion perpetually peeps up in the minds of the necessitous classes, an excessive desire for wealth, with something of envy towards him who has it; and as sentiments of respect and submission have been removed from the hearts of the people, they readily pass from envy to contempt, bitterness and hatred.

When the upper classes find themselves sustained in their position by the spirit of the age, by social organization, by the form of government, they may for a considerable time perhaps neglect their obligations towards the humbler classes, without being therefore menaced with immediate ruin. The numerous points of support they have may supply for a time the want of the intrinsic force which they have lost by culpable negligence; but when all these points fail, and the classes find themselves face to face, without any intermediate power to restrain them, without any barrier of separation, without any other possible bond than that of their respective interests, then they have to close upon these interests, to make mutual alliances, and to restore the spirit of fraternity by virtue of reciprocal benefits.

It is evident that the impulse should come especially from the wealthy classes, since it is in their power to make it practicable; while the poor, deprived of resources, and fully occupied in procuring their daily food, have but little time for projecting ameliorations, much less for carrying them into effect. It is eminently desirable that in the great cities among intelligent and honorable men, who may always be found in sufficient numbers, there should be some who would examine with care the true state of things, to see if there may not be found just and



proper means of relieving public miseries, and of preventing thereby uprisings as fatal to the poor as to the rich.

It belongs especially to the powers of government (whether of states or communities) to watch over the public happiness, or at least over the tranquillity of her people. A wise government not only provides for the wants of those who need assistance by founding establishments for the public good; but it also encourages and protects private bounty and the works of beneficence which result from it. Force of arms is not what is wanted; the minds of men must be ruled by happier influences, by enlightening their understandings, by winning their hearts by kindness, by imposing upon them gratitude and love rather than fear and respect.

But if it is honorable in governments to give the greatest attention to an object so important, to provide by all means possible for great necessities, it is not less so for the higher classes, so profoundly interested in the results, to enter with equal ardor and generosity the way which would be opened before them, or rather to undertake of their own accord the work of the common safety. If the impetus comes only from the government, it is to be feared that it would suffer from the inconveniences attending that which is done by order and without liberty, and moreover, that a design most salutary in itself would be carried out in an incomplete and uncertain manner, and consequently transient and sterile. In Spain the absence of power and authority is so much the rule and so well understood by the people, that no sooner is a law, a decree, or an order published, than the means is found to elude or evade it. The words *reform*, *ameliorations*, and others of the same significance, have come to be considered but well worn formulas, forced protocols, which have to adorn official style, and are only used in public documents by way of decorum and propriety. We all know now so well what course affairs take which promise relief and amelioration, that no one can be dazzled or seduced any longer by the fairest promises, or the most pompous phrases. The decree of amelioration being promulgated, we know in advance, without having read it, that one of its articles informs us of the nomination of a commission invariably composed of *enlightened, judicious, practical men, entirely devoted to the public good*; while in another article it is urged upon these same men to devote themselves *with zeal* to the object of their commission; we also know that this body will assemble, will commence to collect information, and all sorts of papers more or less necessary to enlighten the object of their investigations, that this body will sometimes go on to memorialize the government, to give information in regard to its proceedings; but we know with equal certainty that some difficulty great or small will soon arise, sufficient to render illusory the best projects, to overturn the best concerted plans, to paralyze the most perfect intentions, to render useless, in fine, all previous labors, and all investigations made, although sometimes conscientiously and diligently.

It would be then most desirable that the rich among us, should accustom themselves to trust to their own resources, without looking elsewhere for assistance, to adopt and put in execution the measures that prudence and humanity make a duty, and that their situation urges upon them. It is a truth we have elsewhere expressed and which we now recall: the duty and the interests of the rich in regard to the poor, consists in making them better by promoting their welfare. You render them better by propagating among them principles of morality, but of a real, practical, permanent morality, such as belongs to religious conviction alone. You promote their welfare and happiness in exhibiting towards them a spirit of disinterestedness and kindness, in imposing sacrifices upon your-

self in their favor such as charity requires, and your condition permits, in obeying as far as possible the warm and generous impulses which spring up in the heart at the sight of misfortune. Act so that the poor man in thinking of you may recall at the same time the kind offices you have rendered him during sickness, the efforts you have made to secure the education and the future prosperity of his children; manifest your interest in the sick laborer, in the friendless orphan, in the tottering old man no longer competent to earn his own subsistence, and be assured that your course will not fail to bring its reward. It is true there are people in the world who are ever ungrateful, but ingratitude is not a law of humanity.

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## THE FRENCH IN ROME.

### CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

Rome, August 12th.

I heard early mass this morning at St. Peter's, and passed several hours there praying, examining and admiring. It was my seventh visit and still my enthusiasm is on the increase. The first time I entered this holy place my imagination was so filled with the wonders that had been described to me that I own I experienced a feeling of disappointment. This, however, was of very short duration. All parts of this marvellous edifice are so well proportioned that the eye can not at once take in its vast extent. You must walk through it to be struck with its gigantic proportions; you must examine it in detail to discover all its beauties.

Take your map of Rome, dear friend, and follow me in spirit to the Vatican hill, designated infamous by Tacitus because it was there that the criminals were executed. But an innocent blood soon purified the unclean hill, and the tyrants that succeeded each other on the throne of the Cæsars made it a sublime altar, which became as it were a stepping-stone to heaven for the innumerable victims of their cruel persecutions.

On the Vatican hill Caligula built a circus, afterwards called Nero's circus, because the latter emperor had it decorated magnificently. It was here that an infinite number of Christians of all ages and sexes, in the midst of torments, confessed the faith of Jesus Christ, whilst many of them covered with pitch and rosin, became the living torches that illuminated the sports, during five successive nights, for the barbarous spectators.

The mutilated remains of the martyrs, carefully collected by their Christian brethren, were buried in the grottoes that had been dug from early times in sides of the mountain to obtain clay proper for the manufacture of porcelain vases. Soon the body of the Prince of the Apostles came to repose in the midst of those whom he had converted and baptised, and who had gone before him to heaven. Saint Anacletus, one of the first successors of St. Peter, erected a modest chapel over

these relics, and the faithful hastened from all parts of the world to kneel at the martyrs' tomb, and to obtain by their intercession the courage to die as they had, confessing the faith of their Divine Master.

When the conversion of Constantine had given peace to the Church, that great emperor resolved to replace the oratory of Saint Anacletus by a more sumptuous edifice. He came himself to the Vatican, and laying aside his diadem, in presence of Pope Saint Sylvester, of a great number of bishops and priests, and of an immense crowd of the faithful, he took a spade, dug the earth, carried on his shoulders twelve baskets of clay in honor of the twelve apostles, and marked out the ground which the Basilica was to occupy. This was precisely at the entrance to the sepulchral grotto of Saint Peter; and to build the Christian Church they employed the materials of Nero's circus, where so many confessors of the new faith had won the crown of martyrdom.

The basilica of Constantine, consecrated by St. Sylvester in 324, continued to be the object of the veneration of the faithful until the eleventh century, when Pope Nicholas V, seeing it almost gone to ruin, resolved to rebuild it anew and entire. Great labors were at once commenced under the direction of Bernard Rosselini and Leon-Battista Alberti, Florentine architects; fifty years later, Bramante persuaded Julius II to adopt the sublime idea of lifting the Pantheon into the clouds. After the death of Bramante, Julian de Santo Gallo, the dominican Fra Giacondo of Verona and the celebrated Rafaël, at once painter and architect, were summoned by Pope Leo X to direct the works. Michael-Angelo came then, and yielding to the instances of Paul III, he took on himself the charge of the colossal work, on no other condition than to labor gratuitously for the sake of God, the Blessed Virgin and the Prince of the Apostles. He remodeled the design, or rather drew a new one which was religiously followed after his death, and this master-piece of modern architecture was completed by Giacomo della Porta and the Chevalier Domenico Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V, who himself laid the last consecrated stone of the great vault on the 14th of March, 1590.

Paul V executed the grand façade. Under Alexander VII, Bernini constructed the magnificent colonade surrounding the piazza. Finally, in the reign of Pius VI, Charles Marchioni was entrusted with the erection of the sacristies. It was thus after so many centuries of toil that this basilica was at last finished, to which every pontiff from Nicholas V, might be said to have contributed a monumental stone.

And now, my dear friend, open your album at the plate representing the piazza of St. Peter's,\* constructed in an oval form, like an immense and magnificent ampitheatre, and surrounded with 284 Doric columns of travertine which form three galleries surrounded by 176 colossal statues representing the saints and the popes: of the two beautiful fountains, symbols of the grace which purifies the soul, you can see only one, but cast your eyes a moment on the transparent waters rising in the air to a prodigious height and falling in cristalline showers into immense granite basins: all the colors of the rainbow are reflected from the sparkling cascades; even Versailles has nothing so fine to pre-

\* See page 106 of present volume of *Metropolitan*.

sent during the short moments when the efforts of art set its noble fountains in play.

Now salute that obelisk of red granite rising to a height of 140 feet in the middle of the piazza, for it is surmounted by a cross containing a bit of the sacred wood on which the salvation of the world was effected. This obelisk, hewn in Egypt by the orders of Caligula, was brought to Italy in the reign of the emperor Claudius: it first decorated Nero's circus, and was still standing, though half buried in ruins, when Sixtus V ordered Chevalier Fontana to transport it to the piazza of the Vatican Basilica. It was a difficult enterprise, and interested all the population.

On the 10th of September, the day fixed for the erection, the workmen repaired at an early hour to St. Peter's, having Fontana at their head. Before commencing their work they fell on their knees to implore the divine assistance.

The pope had caused the place to be surrounded with barriers guarded by files of soldiers, to keep the spectators off from the workmen, who required immense room to work the powerful engines.

All the inhabitants of Rome had assembled at the Vatican. The anxiety of the spectators was indescribable, and the universal silence which had been most strictly enjoined, was broken only by the creaking of the capstans and levers, by the tramping of the horses, and by the signals given from time to time by the director of the operations. Only once a cry escaped from among the crowd and all again was dead silence. It was a peasant, who seeing the cordage in one place too stiff to work, unable to restrain himself, shouted out, "water the ropes!" But when they saw the obelisk, at first suspended in the sky, lower gently towards its pedestal, sixty feet high, and at last rest there motionless, a cheer of delight and wonder burst forth loud enough to make the welkin ring, and the happy Fontana, hoisted on the shoulders of the spectators, was carried around in triumph amid the acclamations of the entire city.

On the base of this ancient obelisk, sanctified by religion, Sixtus V had the following words engraved:—

ECCE CRUX.  
FUGITE,  
PARTES ADVERSÆ,  
VICIT LEO  
DE TRIBU  
JUDA.\*

Now cast a rapid glance at the façade which is considered to correspond only imperfectly with the general grandeur of the edifice, and we arrive under the superb portico whence we can perceive on one side an equestrian statue of Constantine, and on the other one of Charlemagne. An elegy on the death of Pope Adrian, the composition of the latter emperor, is seen engraved on a marble still preserved under the peristyle: here is the translation:—

\* "Behold the cross. Fly, you who are its enemies. The lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered."

"I have written these verses, I Charles, as I wept over my father: yes, father, my fondest love, it is over thee I am now weeping.

"Do thou always remember me: my thoughts attend thee incessantly: reign with Christ in the kingdom of heaven.

"The clergy and the people loved thee with a great affection: good shepherd: thou wert for us all an only love.

"Illustrious friend, I join together our names and our titles; Adrian and Charles: I king, thou father."

Five gates lead from the peristyle into the basilica: one, called the "Porta Santa" is usually built up, and the Sovereign Pontiff opens it himself on years of jubilee. Let us enter the holy place by the principal gate,—formerly covered all over with silver, but replaced under Eugene IV by the bronze gate we see to-day: let us advance with feelings that admit of no description underneath this vast roof, between these rows of pillars seventy-eight feet high, to the grand altar which stands in the middle of the church under the great dome and over the tomb of St. Peter. Look round and see the costly marbles, the bas-reliefs, the gilt bronzes, the immense pictures painted in mosaics, for every other species of painting has been banished from this temple as an art whose productions are of too limited a duration.

But, my dear friend, I don't deny it, I cannot undertake to describe one, even to enumerate all that is to be seen, the chapels, the altars, the statues, the tombs, the sacred relics, the sacristies lined with Brazil wood. I cannot, however, omit the celebrated statue of St. Peter. It is of bronze, standing near the high altar, at the right of the grand nave: it was erected in the fifth century, and the feet are nearly worn away from the embraces of the faithful.

Let us now ascend the dome. You pass through a door opposite the tomb of the Stuarts, and ascend an inclined plane of pavement of such a gradual ascent that horses can pass up without difficulty. After visiting the vast halls where the models are preserved, you come out on the roof and are astonished to find yourself standing before a fountain, and in the midst of a little village called San Pietrini, lifted up one hundred and fifty feet from the ground! Besides you still stands the wonderful dome, towering like a huge hill. Traversing the galleries that open into the interior of the church, as you wind round and round in your long ascent, you recognise with terror the prodigious distance that separates you from the floor. The men walking about down there seem no larger than flies. The statues and even the monuments seem only points of space: but on the other hand the personages in mosaic that decorate the interior of the cupola assume such gigantic proportions that they lose all their beauty.

Arriving at last at the external gallery, you command at once the whole city, and the country from the Appenines to the Mediterranean. Perhaps from no other spot on earth can a view be obtained so fertile in associations.

But do not imagine yourself yet at the end of your ascent. You have still to make your way into that hall surmounted by the cross, which you perceive looks like a mere point in your engraving. Eight persons can however easily find room in it. The kind of ladder which you

must climb to reach it, winds in such a narrow passage that this journey is not the most agreeable part of the expedition. The Russian Emperor Nicholas, who was tall and stout, attempted it, but stuck so fast that he could neither advance nor retreat, and all the trouble in the world was found necessary to extricate him from his painful position.

Of St. Peter's now, I have nothing more to tell you except about the vatican, crypts, and the remains of the old basilica still preserved there. But I must not prolong a letter already exceeding all bounds. I reserve then for another opportunity the pleasure of accompanying you on a visit to the subterranean church, which I have obtained permission to examine when I please, though women, generally, are never allowed to enter it, only on two certain days every year.

#### RESOURCES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THE WORK OF INSTRUCTION.

*Acquaintance with the history of religion in an age of general knowledge is both indispensable to the cause of public instruction, and even necessary to the maintenance of faith.*

The following is the concluding letter of the series on the work of Catholic Instruction, addressed through us to the Catholics of this country, by the Rev. Father Formby. It is surely unnecessary to urge on the attention of our readers the subject that has been the theme of these letters. The merits of the undertaking and the inestimable advantages that must result from the work to our children, have been clearly and forcibly set forth by the learned and zealous author. The plan for putting the work in operation in this country, as set forth in the last letter, appears to us practicable. It is not the large contributions of the few, but the small offerings of the many, that accomplish great undertakings. The penny-a-week contributions to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, show what can be accomplished by a united effort. Nearly a million of dollars are annually contributed towards promoting the ends of this noble association, still no one feels the mite that he has offered.

But now the subject has been fully discussed; we have read it; we have pondered on it; we have seen the great and good work, in which we are invited to coöperate, partially established abroad, and the question now to be asked is, will we accept the invitation? will we join in the noble enterprise? Or shall we turn a deaf ear to the appeal that has been made to our generosity by the zealous Missionary of Birmingham? Or shall we treat his proposals for placing in the hands of our children a series of publications at once attractive and instructive, as the dream of a visionary? We feel prompted to answer for the Catholics of the country, they will not. None have been more generous than they in every work tending to promote the cause of their holy religion. The monuments of their zeal and piety are everywhere visible in the numerous churches, the benevolent,



religious and literary institutions which overspread the land. Let the work be undertaken; let it receive the approbation of our beloved bishops and clergy, and thousands and tens of thousands will respond to the call.

To the Editors of the *Metropolitan*:

As I am naturally anxious to win the concurrence of the active and rising Church of the United States, so I cannot but feel that the propositions that stand at the head of my letter demand from me my most careful consideration.

All that has hitherto been said, has been matter of necessary business, rather than a setting forth of the true motives for acting. We have been examining the nature of the resources that our century offers to us, with a view to lay the basis on which to proceed safely and securely through the chain of human operations which are necessary to bring the instrument in question into operation for the benefit of the faith. This chain of human operations, it must be borne in mind, is always a difficulty, and is exposed to the danger of rupture and disagreement at every stage of its progress. St. Paul and St. Barnabas, we are told, had a disagreement, and in the heat of their disagreement they came to separate for life, each afterwards pursuing his own course. How many Catholic undertakings have there not been which have experienced the same fate. For warm and active temperaments which, under divine grace, are the fittest to originate an enterprise, as regards boldness and daring, generally prove the least fitted for conducting one, until they have learned to unite thought and reflection to their zeal, and have been convinced how impossible it is to proceed with safety, without securing the clearest understanding, as to the nature and practical details of the thing that it is proposed to have done. David's death-bed advice to his son Solomon, to whom he was handing over the care of a rising kingdom, with a long list of works to be undertaken, was "*ut intelligas universa quæ facis*,"—or in ordinary phrase, to "*know what he was about*." The fruit of which short maxim was, the building of the temple and a reign of unexampled prosperity.

With regard, therefore, to the actual employment of pictorial printing of our century in the service of religion,—if it has been wise to begin with considering the matter of business, through which alone the reality of what has been considered can be obtained, and if it has been in the spirit of David's maxim, to enter into such statements and specifications as would both secure the permanent good will, which results from a satisfactory understanding, and fence in future progress against the danger of rupture, which is the condition of all human undertakings—still this is not as yet that complete and perfect understanding of our work, such as King David would have required from his son Solomon in similar circumstances.

If what has been said suffices to show how and by what stages a powerful instrument can be obtained, this is so far good, indeed, indispensable; for without being able to proceed to act, a fine display of words would only bring a recoil in the form of disgrace, and reveal a real impotence. Yet something further still remains; viz. to understand the full reasons why such a power ought to be employed in the Church, and in what manner its resources can be so used, that Solomon himself might be fairly challenged to pronounce it a wise and understanding application of its unquestionable capacities.

Hitherto we have been considering pictorial printing as a thing as well of inexhaustible fertility as of undeniable powers of popular attraction, and we have seen how the catholicity of the Church, or, in other words, *that in the Church which*

unbinds the curse of Babel, and reunites the people of different nations in the bonds of one common faith in one and the same divine revelation, by a wise application and combination, renders it possible to secure better pictorial printing for religion than the world can get. There remains then to consider upon what this vast and fertile power can be *best* employed?

Its powers can scarcely be said to bear limitation. They afford a field of legitimate enterprise for all who like to enter upon it. However, as I have mooted the question, and what is a wise application of its powers, I may reply, without hesitation, that I consider the *"illustration of the history of religion," studying in all things fact and veracity, and employing the skill of the artist and the patient research of the historian, with a view to make the truth of history visible to the eyes of the multitude*, to be the wisest application of this rich and prolific power.

It is the wisest application, for many reasons :

I. Because the history of religion is the common property of all nations. The Eternal Word made flesh was the promised prophet sent to all the nations of the world. All nations consequently who have any faith claim him as their own, and entirely identify themselves with him, as well as with all that was done to prepare the world for his coming, and with all that he has left behind him in the world, for the purpose of converting and reclaiming the poor neglected tribes of people that inhabit the face of the globe. Jesus Christ, with the prophets who preceded him, and the saints who have followed him, is, if we except the air they breathe, the one only property which nations have in common. If, therefore, the concurrence of nations be such an essential point, as it has been explained to be, this concurrence will be quite practicable for the illustration of their common property, in which, without mutual rivalry or jealousy, they have all one deep common stake and interests, and impracticable for everything else beside.

II. The principle of an illustration of the history of religion, upon grounds of religion itself, ought to be that of *truth*. God is truth, and the history of religion is the history of what God, who is truth, said and did, when he took our nature and came into the world. It is the history also of his prophets who foretold him and prepared the way for him, and of his saints who have continued his work. If the history then be the truth, the representation of the history should be the truth also, and therefore necessarily more than a question of beauty, or of an artist's fancy. But if the principle of truth of representation be a duty required by religion, it is also very clearly the course of wisdom. Let a series of illustrations really evince a search after truth, and they will have their reward in this, that the truth of history, from its being something that is definite and known, is qualified to pass current in every country where it presents itself; at least, as truth, it has a right to claim a reception every where. Were mere fanciful beauty, or artists' imagination, or certain fashions or traditions that are a century or two old, to be made the principle of the work, the immediate penalty would be, that no result could be arrived at, which might not be disputed and objected to by every one whose taste happened not to be satisfied. The concurrence of nations on this plan must be pronounced impossible. The attempts that have been made hitherto from their never having contemplated the possibility of coming under the observation of anything beyond a limited circle in a particular nation, and feeling at ease about their reception, have never aimed at anything more than an easy sort of imaginary picture made up of familiar details, eked out with a quantity of semi-classical heroes for the principal characters. A mode of treatment which, for a limited circle in its own day, perhaps answered its purpose, but which it would be preposterous in the extreme,

as has been already said, to put before the keen, sharp-witted knowledge of a century of universal travel and intercourse of nations by the inexhaustible powers of the present art of printing.

Truth then as a principle of illustration is the really wise course, as it is the one only principle in which nations, as well as individuals, can unite. Any other which man can invent, would simply fail.

III. *Truth*, again, is the only wise course on another and a practicable ground. If perfect beauty of design and exquisite execution were the one condition required for the illustration of the history of religion, even granting the impossibility that multitudes could be found sufficiently unanimous in their ideas of beauty—the difficulties of execution, in a series required to be thus faultless, would be almost as insuperable as the cost would become proportionately intolerable. The human instrumentality, it is to be borne in mind, has to be considered, and for anything that could pretend to be faultless in point of beauty, an artist would be needed whom the world sees scarcely once in a century, and while the cost would be excessive, his whole life would be hardly sufficiently long for the work required. With the principle of truth it is otherwise. Artists with qualifications fully competent to do justice to truth, are by no means either too rare to be found or too high priced to be employed. The success of their work not consisting in compliance with any supposed rules of art, but in the truthful and life-like delineation of a real action, with a faithful rendering of the known circumstances that accompanied it, they can work with a secure aim. They know that their object will be attained when the reader is brought by the sight of the picture to a more vivid apprehension of the nature of the action than the description of the text alone could convey, and therefore they know what they have to aim at. The picture narrating the story in its own way with truth, rests its claim to be received upon its truth, which comes in a wonderful manner to the aid of the historian, who otherwise has words only at his command; and for the particular moment of the story the picture has the advantage, as the poet bears testimony:

Segnius initant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

In this way mere beauty comes to be forgotten in the superior charm of a vigorous, truthful and characteristic rendering of the scene. And thus on the principle of truth the work of illustration descends to the level of what may be made practically successful, and comes within reasonable limits, as the skill of the artist to be employed, the cost of his labor, and the time required for the completion of his work,—with this particular advantage, that is neither to be overlooked or undervalued, that in the case of the failure of any particular design of the series, as time goes on it admits of being withdrawn to make way for another that is more successful, without detriment to the unity of the series, inasmuch as truth is at all times consistent with itself, whereas the creations of the human imagination can seldom, if ever, be made to match each other.

In all, however, that has as yet been said, the art itself has been the prominent consideration. And yet the art itself is but an instrument; and therefore nothing more than a means to an end. It may be perfectly true that of all possible applications of the art, the illustration of the history of religion may be the wisest—and still we seem to stop short of a complete view of our subject, from failing to know if the history of religion itself is really a point of such extreme importance, as to call for the employment of so powerful an auxiliary to its popular diffusion.

An objector may say, I will grant you that if you are to employ pictorial printing, the history of religion affords you its wisest application. But first show me why you should teach the history of religion, and then I will at once grant you your principle of its application, in the way of a confessedly powerful auxiliary to the end you propose to attain.

Now is the history of religion of this absolute importance as an element in the education of the people? Here lies the gist of the whole matter, as a question of practice. If it proves to be so, we then find the real motive for seeking to employ the powerful auxiliary of pictorial printing—if not, the case will break down. Since then here lies the issue, from its extreme importance I may reserve it for the subject of a subsequent and concluding letter.

*The importance of the knowledge of the history of religion to the education of the people and to the maintenance of faith.*

It is a common impression with a large class of persons, in all of the civilized nations of Europe, that the Catholic religion is averse to the spread of knowledge, from being supposed to be well aware that the only chance which a fabric of superannuated superstition and crushing spiritual despotism, can have, is with a population studiously kept in a state of hopeless ignorance, and consequent incapacity of resistance. The public opinion of Europe that is adverse to the Catholic faith appears to hold, that despotism on the one side necessarily implies serfdom on the other, and that there can be no supremacy of a priesthood possible, without a people rendered helpless to resist, through their gross ignorance; in short, that the interests of the Catholic Church are as necessarily identified with the helplessness and ignorance of the people, as those of the Emperor of Russia, or of any other despot, whose first principle is to keep the control over the people's knowledge in his own hands, in order that they may never have the chance of becoming sufficiently knowing to dispute his authority.

Knowledge it is said is power, and as knowledge spreads among the people, the same public opinion goes on to augur the certain downfall of the Romish superstitions. Thus the London Times newspaper, so recently as six months ago, after drawing a melancholy picture of the ignorance and superstition of Ireland in adhering to her ancient faith, congratulates itself that in the national education of the country there was a speedy and effectual remedy at hand, which would be certain as time went on to remove the oppressive yoke of the superstitious bondage over which it lamented. In other words, the Catholic faith is darkness and spiritual slavery, and knowledge is light and spiritual emancipation.

The kind of knowledge, which according to the purport of this public opinion, is intended to bring light to the soul and freedom to the spirit, and to take the place of faith, to become in the end the overthrow of the influence of the Catholic Church, cannot but merit the attention of those whose duty in the world it is, to maintain the faith. The power of this kind of knowledge to overthrow the influence of faith, may no doubt prove to be greatly overrated by those who confidently anticipate what they would hail with undisguised satisfaction, were the event to be in accordance with their hopes. Still these people are the world, and the world though capable of falling into a mistake, is usually extremely shrewd and keen-witted in its opinions, and if it has confident anticipations, these can seldom turn out to be so completely a fool's paradise, as not to merit a more

careful consideration of the grounds on which they come to be so confidently held, on the part of those who have embraced the cause of faith.

The ground of this general opinion will I think appear upon investigation to be in a very high degree reasonable, and that within certain limits, and properly understood it fully bears out the character for sagacity, that in the matters with which they are conversant is usually attributed to men of the world. The fool's paradise, it should be remembered, is quite as possible on the side favorable to religion, as on the side adverse to it, and it must always be wise for religion to respect her adversaries for their sagacity, and to be at least willing to suspect a danger when they are already crowing in the anticipation of victory.

The state of the case appears to be somewhat as follows: The multitude of mankind live by labor—which for the time engrosses their mind and its thoughts, as Ecclesiasticus says of the smith: "He worketh at his anvil and giveth his mind to perfecting his work,"—but there comes the hours of rest, and the seventh day of rest,—when a man thinks of other things besides his work. According to Ecclesiasticus, "This is the time for a man to pray and to search into the law of the Most High," (Ecc. xxxviii, 39), but according to the school of popular opinion referred to, a man should do nothing of the kind. Lord Brougham would advise that he should betake himself to a mechanic's institute, and seek to slake his thirst for knowledge by reading publications on scientific subjects, and by frequenting lectures.

Here the policy of the enemies of faith becomes pretty evident. They propose to pit human knowledge against divine knowledge, the study of the creation and the world of men, leaving God out, to the study of the Divine Maker of creation and the Divine Ruler and Redeemer of men. In lieu of "prayer and the searching in the law of God," a man is to gain light for his soul and freedom for his spirit by searching in the book of nature, and by becoming learned in the history of man.

If the practice of prayer with the duties and consolations and refreshment of divine worship and the employment for the mind that is found in what Ecclesiasticus calls "searching into the law of God," were to be openly assailed, there would be something too plainly impious in this policy to make itself popular. Open impiety is not a popular cause, and the enemy is wise enough to know this. Moreover, suddenly to suppress religion would leave a void that it might be inconvenient to have filled up all at once. What he wants to effect then, is to draw people away from their faith in God, from their prayers, hopes and duties, and the employment of their time upon the law of God, gently avoiding any inconvenient abruptness. This he purposes to effect in a clearly sagacious way of his own. He must have popular opinion on his side, and must seem to espouse the cause of education. He cannot precisely deery religion, but he can hope to put it upon one side; and to do this he will admit that it was admirably adapted for an unenlightened state of society, but that its necessity has now passed away with the superior progress of modern times, which will very soon begin to see the perfectibility of the human race accomplished. And then enlarging upon the advantages of the study of natural sciences, he begins to bring his substitute before the notice of the public, having recourse to the accustomed policy of those who have wares to dispose of, by descanting upon their advantages in the loudest terms.

If people are to desert religion, the void that is thus created in their time which remains free from labor, will in this way be filled up. It would not precisely look well openly to recommend the public house and the gin shop, though these

would really answer the purpose quite as effectually. A decent substitute has therefore perforce to be found, and one which will carry a certain amount of public opinion in its favor—and this proves to be the cry for “general knowledge and the study of natural sciences,” as the natural antidote for the supposed crouching superstitions and the servile terrors of religion,—on a principle already familiarly known in the world before the times of Christianity.

Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque necesse est  
Non radii soles neque lucida tela Diei  
Discutiant, sed *Naturæ species Ratioque.*      *Lucret. lib. I.*

Churches are to be superseded, and an enlightened pursuit of philosophy and knowledge is to supply the void created by their withdrawal.

Now with regard to this tide of public opinion thus encouraged to set in, in the direction of the pursuit of knowledge, it is obvious to say, that there is nothing whatever in divine revelation that is in any way the opponent of fair and honorable knowledge. The Creator has made all things good in their own order,—and consequently the knowledge of them is equally good and honorable in its own order,—it is only upon the point of the perverted use that is sought to be made of this knowledge that the Catholic Church has a controversy with the men of the world who are the adversaries of her faith. When the Catholic Church begins to find that what is a laudable, and its own degree even, an elevating pursuit, is falsely raised to the rank of a religion in order to be proposed to the world, as a substitute for the faith and worship of God, nothing can be clearer than that it is the part of wisdom to meet the enemy's policy by a timely counter movement.

If the people are bent upon knowledge, knowledge is a fair, open and honorable pursuit, and no motive of zeal on behalf of the faith would appear to justify any attempt to check or put it down. It would certainly not be desirable to interfere without necessity, on account of the calumny that has got wind with the public, viz. that the Catholic Church has an interested motive of the most sinister kind in suppressing all knowledge. A popular taste is always rather to be encouraged and favored than checked, wherever it can be fairly considered free from direct tendencies to actual vice and evil. And though to say that the Catholic Church favors ignorance, is extremely natural language in the mouth of an enemy; this is what she herself most distinctly repudiates.

If then the adversary of faith pursues his course by exalting knowledge into the place of religion, the Church, as the guardian and keeper of faith, will meet and overthrow his policy, not by incurring the odium of thwarting a popular taste, but in the far wiser way of conciliating the popular taste and charming it over to her own side. This will be easily done by showing to those who are in pursuit of knowledge, faith, that without limiting the knowledge of the world, opens a new and even far richer field of research proper to herself, than any one which the world has to offer. And that so far from its being true, that the praiseworthy appetite for knowledge necessarily leads people away from faith, which is supposed enviously to forbid its gratification, faith is the only true and safe guardian of knowledge for the people, being the nurse of secular knowledge and the sole keeper of the higher knowledge of God.

It is only because secular knowledge may, without difficulty, be made into a sort of idol, and as such substituted for God, that the Church is justly jealous that it should be kept in its place. And modern society shows the very strongest symp-



toms of willingness to lapse into an outwardly decent unbelief, filling up the void in its time, which the withdrawal of divine faith creates, by the substitution of an idol of its own, in the form of a kind of material knowledge and science worship.

This would then seem to be the character of the age upon which religion is now entering, and with which it will more and more, each year, find out that it has to deal.

I hope that I may have made my meaning clear, in showing how we come to require to take knowledge so much in hand. We have the calumny of being interested from a sinister motive in keeping the people in ignorance, to confute and to put to shame, and a strong, popular taste to nurse, to gratify, and to feed with a knowledge that will speak of God, and lead to God, instead of being made an object of worship in the place of God.

This knowledge, I am of opinion, is, in an especial sense, to be sought for in the *history of religion*. In an age where unbelief appeals to popular intelligence, faith will obviously make her counter-appeal. If unbelief put forth its knowledge of the material world, religion will put forth her knowledge of the world of divine miracles and faith. If unbelief makes her material knowledge pictorial, religion will also make the knowledge of her own divine history pictorial also. In times of external peace, and in a cultivated state of society, faith and unbelief are upon terms of open competition with each other, and if unbelief pursues the ordinary policy of seeking to blacken and damage the character of her rival, there is only the more reason why religion should put forth her whole strength to make herself known, and to seek to prevail by the force of truth.

The history of religion is no new discovery as applied to the purposes of education. It is as old as Abraham the patriarch, Moses the prophet, our Lord himself, his evangelists, his missionary apostles, the doctors of the Church, down to the teachers of our own times,—the history of the miracles of God has been in all ages the basis of instruction in the mysteries of divine faith. The creed of baptism is a short compendium of history. The only difference between our own times and preceding times is, that the state of society in which our labors are cast, seems, in an especial sense, to speak for itself. How greatly it would be benefited, what an accession of strength faith would gain, and what a discomfiture of unbelief would ensue, if the history of religion could be given to the people in the beautiful unity of its divine drama, the patriarchs and prophets preceding the Divine Prophet of the nations, and the martyrs, doctors, confessors, and missionaries of the faith following in his train, the whole of this sacred story made a household possession to every family of the faith, by a truthful illustration embodying all the available resources of the art and skill of our century. *In other words, a pictorial history of religion and of divine revelation, an antidote to popular unbelief and the remedy for popular ignorance.*

Will the Church of the United States, in the name of holy charity, suffer itself to be persuaded to lend its effective coöperation to this missionary work of an age of the general diffusion of knowledge and popular education?

HENRY FORMBY.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

*Cure of the dumb man possessed—He teaches humility and child-like simplicity—He teaches forgiveness of injuries by the parable of the unjust servant—Charity by that of the Pharisee—Moderation—Prayer—and warns all against hypocrisy.*

OUR Lord had been transfigured before his chosen apostles, thus revealing some of the glory of his sacred humanity, which lay hid during his earthly career, as it does now in the sacrament of his love. Meanwhile his other apostles amid a crowd of questioning Scribes and doubting people were at the foot of the mountain, endeavoring, though in vain, to expel a mute devil from a possessed child; and as Jesus appeared ascending the slope of Tabor, the father of the afflicted boy, attended by many others, ran towards him. They suddenly paused and gazed in fear on that still radiant face, but the father whom anxiety and love made insensible to all else, approached him, saying: "Lord! have pity on my son: for he



CURE OF THE DUMB MAN POSSESSED.

is my only one and he is a lunatic and suffereth much—and I brought him to thy disciples and they could not cure him." They had doubted in the power of his apostles, and Jesus, seeing in spirit how often their power and that of their successors would be denied and set at naught, exclaimed: "O unbelieving and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to me." They brought him writhing and struggling to our Saviour's feet, and while the poor father raised his hands in entreaty, Jesus saith: "If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." "I do be-

lieve," exclaimed the father with streaming eyes, "Lord, help my unbelief." Then Jesus rebuked the devil, and expelling him cured the boy."

His apostles asked him why they had failed, and he replied: "Because of your unbelief," but added, "This kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting," clearly showing that some powers in his church depend on forms and ceremonies.\*

Leaving this spot, our Lord next turned with his apostles towards Capharnaum, leading the way himself with no attendant but Peter. As they entered they were asked for the tribute, and our Lord, though he declared himself exempt, directed Peter to catch a fish in which he would find the money of the tribute. Meanwhile



JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

the other apostles were disputing which should be the greatest, and our Lord immediately asked them on what they had conversed. They hung their heads in shame, knowing full well how little he would approve of their ambition. Oh! blessed question, happy they who constantly hear their Saviour thus addressing them, and so converse that they can answer without a blush.

\* Matt. xvii, 19-21.

Mark ix, 18-29.

Luke ix, 38-43.

"Seek ye to sit enthroned by me?"

Alas! ye know not what you ask,

The first in shame and agony,

The lowest in the meanest task—

This can ye be? and can ye drink

The cup that I in tears must steep:

Nor from the whelming waters shrink,

That o'er me roll so dark and deep?"

Then Jesus sitting down called the twelve around him and said: "If any man desire to be first, he shall be the last of all and the servant of all;" and taking a child he set him in the midst of them, and clasping him to his divine heart, said: "Whosoever shall receive one such child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me. And whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." Then he warned them most earnestly against the sin of scandal.\*

Once more he reminded them that they were to found his Church. "Amen I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven:" and he declared that whoever would not hear the Church should be to them as the heathen and the publican.



"I FORGAVE THEE ALL THE DEBT."

\* Matt. xvii, 24-26. Luke ix, 32.

As he explained the duty of forgiveness, Peter asked: "Lord! how often shall I forgive an offending brother—seven times?" "Not seven times, but seventy times seven," replied our divine Lord; and then to impress his doctrine more deeply he gave them this parable of the unjust servant: "The kingdom of heaven is likened to a king, who would take an account of his servants. And when he had begun to take the account, one was brought to him that owed him ten thousand talents. And as he had not wherewith to pay it, his lord commanded that he should be sold, and his wife and children and all that he had, and payment to be made. But that servant falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And the lord of that servant being moved with pity, let him go and forgave him the debt. But when that servant was gone out, he found one of his fellow-servants that owed him a hundred pence: and laying hold of him he throttled him, saying: Pay what thou owest. And his fellow-servant falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he paid the debt. Now his fellow-servants seeing what was done, were very much grieved, and they came and told their lord all that was done. Then his lord called him; and said to him: Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all the debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow-servant, even as I had compassion on thee? And his lord being angry delivered him to the torturers, until he should pay all the debt. So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from your hearts."

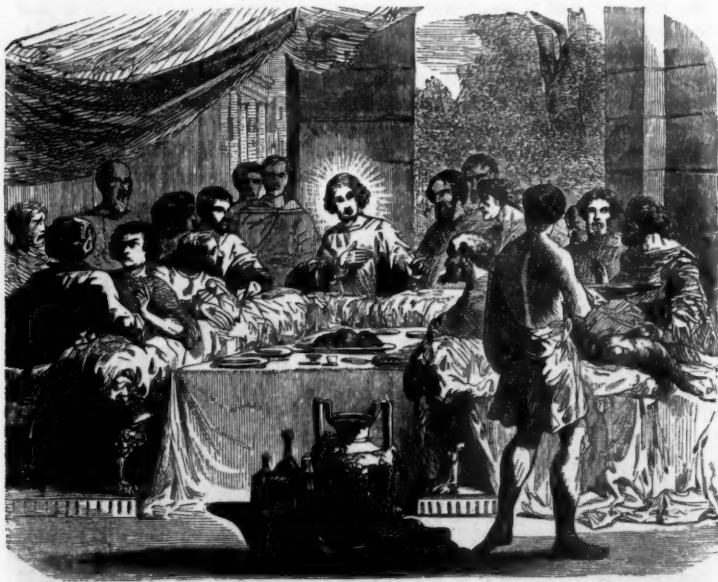


CHRIST SENDING HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH.

Having taught his followers humility and forgiveness in this striking way, our divine Lord set out again for Jerusalem to participate in the sacred rites of the

solemnity of Pentecost. As usual, some of his disciples went on to obtain lodgings and refreshments: on this journey a Samaritan town refused them entrance. Burning with indignation, the apostles prayed our Lord to consume the guilty city, but Jesus in a few words gave them a lesson which his followers should ever bear in mind: "You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." When our zeal is inflamed at those who refuse Jesus an entrance into their minds and hearts, let us remember this: when our indignation is enkindled against those who, blind, unconscious instruments of a fearful tyrant, rage against the Church, let us remember this.

Calling several to join him, our Lord sent seventy-two disciples into every place which he intended to visit, giving them full and beautiful instructions, and endowing them with extraordinary powers, to expel devils, to heal the sick, to tread upon venomous reptiles.



OUR LORD DINING WITH THE PHARISEE.

They returned to him exulting in their power: but he told them: "Rejoice not in this, that spirits are subject to you, but rejoice in this that your names are written in heaven." He joined however in their holy joy, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed: "I give thanks to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight." Then turning to his apostles he showed them how indeed they had cause for joy. "Many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them."



In answer to a scribe who deceitfully questioned him, our divine Lord related the well known parable of the good Samaritan. Passing then by Bethany, he tarried with Mary and Martha; declaring the excellence of the contemplative life, and asked by his disciples for a form of prayer, he again enjoined that which he had given in the sermon on the mount. After inculcating the necessity of prayer he passed from instruction to action, and delivered an afflicted one from the bonds of Satan. The envious Pharisees again accused him of being himself an instrument of Satan, but he rebuked them so conclusively that a woman cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bore thee and the breasts that nurtured thee;" after that a Pharisee invited him to dine. Entering his house, our Lord, disregarding the custom of the Pharisees, who always washed before meals, reclined at once at table. The Pharisee was revolving this in his mind, but our Lord at once discovered to him his thought, and showed him the folly of those who gave all their attention to outward acts and neglected the weightier duties of the law. He did not forbid their strict observance of all those traditional exercises of piety which were customary among them, but by keen reproaches taught them that without an interior spirit, this was all hypocrisy and would be rejected of God. Hardness



OSTENTATIOUS ALMS.

to the poor was evidently one of their cying sins, and as a remedy, a means of obtaining that grace of humility which they needed, he simply told them: "Give alms, and all things are clean unto you." Not the ostentatious alms which he had so often rebuked. "When thou dost an alms-deed, sound not a trumpet before

thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may be honored by men. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But when thou doest an alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."

The lesson is no less necessary for us: how often are we strict in matters of supererogation, while we neglect what is of positive obligation, what we cannot pass by without sin. Let us make to ourselves intercessors by our alms, but keeping before us the ostentatious relief given by the Pharisee, imitate our Lord who seemed to do even his good actions by stealth, and forbid those who were the recipients of his charity to make it known.

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### THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

We select the following beautiful lines from a number of the U. S. Catholic Magazine:

THE flight of years  
Bears on its wings all earthly hopes and joys,  
And fear, and sorrow that the heart annoys,  
And all our tears!  
Deep in the grave  
Is buried many a noble, loving heart,  
With whom we've seen domestic bliss depart,  
Which nought could save!  
Departed year!  
Much hast thou added to the sum of woe,  
We poor ephemera of earth must know  
While lingering here!  
But still remains  
The lofty soul, aspiring yet to know  
More than the earth can offer or bestow  
On mortal pains.  
Thrice blessed power!  
The power to elevate the soaring mind,  
To leave the earth and all its crimes behind,  
In wisdom's hour!  
The grovelling love  
Of wealth—of fame—of any earthly goal—  
Is all unworthy of the noble soul,  
That looks above!  
Hail to ye friends!  
The blest associates of full many a year!  
Your silent voice is still to me most dear,  
And wisdom lends.  
Dark slander's sting—  
The noise of faction, or the din of war,  
Like lightning, on the iceberg, cannot mar  
The peace ye bring.  
O gift profound!  
The tree of knowledge, heav'n vouchsafes to man!  
What can compare, since first young time began  
His ceaseless round.  
The soul expands,  
Fed on its fruit, and leaves the world behind,  
And, like a meteor on the viewless wind,  
Seeks brighter lands!

## OUR CONVENTS.—III.

### THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.\*

THE diocese of Burlington possesses a house of this new order, which like our own Sisters of Charity, is of American origin, and like it reveres St. Vincent de Paul as its founder, but has taken the distinctive name of Providence, from its chief house at Montreal, in Canada East.

That city, which like a truly Catholic town, has no poor house, affords relief to every shade of human misery by its hospitals where nuns and sisters devote their lives to the fulfillment of the great law of charity. With the growth of the city, however, the Gray Sisters, on whom the care of the orphans, the aged and infirm, devolved, as well as the visits to the sick poor, became unequal to the task. To relieve them of some portion of the almost endless duties which they had assumed, God raised up a new community.

In 1828 Madame Emily Tavenier, widow of Mr. J. B. Gamelin, began, with some other ladies whom she had won to her charitable project, to take care of aged and infirm women, and to visit the sick, especially the sick poor at their dwellings. The regulations which they adopted were wise and prudent; and she soon had the consolation of seeing her community solidly established, and achieving silently the object of her pious desires.

The holy bishop of Montreal, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Bourget, approving of her zeal and institute, erected the community canonically on the 29th of March, 1844. Besides the venerable foundress there were then six other sisters in the house. The community now, however, took a rapid development, and as the numbers increased the sisters resolved to take charge of orphans and the deaf and dumb and the insane, to afford an asylum to aged and infirm priests, and finally to instruct poor girls.

In the typhus which ravaged Montreal in 1847, they devoted themselves, like all the sisterhood of Montreal, to the care of the emigrants, and three sunk under the fatal fever, and after its progress was checked they received nearly four hundred orphans, left by it destitute and without friend or relative.

At the present time the order comprises ten establishments in Canada; several houses, we may now say, in Chili, and one in the United States.

In 1852 they accepted the invitation which the Rt. Rev. Magloire Blanchet made them, to go and found a house in his remote diocese in Oregon. Five sisters, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Huberdeault, started from Montreal, and reached Oregon city on the first of December. Here, however, an obstacle arose: the gold mines of California had drained Oregon of its best settlers: every thing was in a state of stagnation: there was no house ready for the sisters and no prospect of such a change in affairs as would enable them to open one. Two courses were proposed, one to proceed to California, as the sisters of Notre Dame had done: the other to return to Canada. They decided upon the latter, and returning to San Francisco, enjoyed the hospitality of the sisters there till a sailing vessel was ready to sail for New York. Embarking at last they left the territory

\* As we follow no chronological order in these notices, we give them as circumstances enable us to complete them. Difficulty in obtaining information delays some already far advanced.

of the United States, but Providence did not intend them to return to their own land. The vessel stopped at Valparaiso, in Chili, on the 17th of June, 1853, and the Archbishop implored them so earnestly to remain that they could not refuse, and on the 30th of October were installed with great pomp, civil and religious, in their new house. The Superior at Montreal approved the step, and in October 1855, a number of Canadian sisters sailed from New York to open new houses of their order in that distant republic.

Our own, however, was not to lose entirely these worthy sisters. In 1854 the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, taking possession of his new diocese and finding it destitute of religious communities, to rescue the orphans of his flock from proselytism, and instruct the young, invited the Sisters of Providence to come to his assistance. Accordingly, on the first of May three sisters arrived and soon took possession of the building which the worthy bishop had purchased for them, and which has since borne the name of St. Joseph's Convent. Others have since joined them and they now number eight, conducting an asylum with forty orphans, and a school of one hundred and sixty pupils. They also visit the sick at their residences, and receive some into their house. Indeed the establishment of the Sisters of Providence has in its modest proportions changed the face of Burlington, hitherto so bereft of the works of Catholic charity.\*

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### MISSION OF WOMAN.

#### MARKS BY WHICH WE MAY KNOW IF WE BELONG TO THE WORLD.

THE woman who wishes to guard against the dangers of the world, is not under the necessity of retiring into solitude or entering the cloister. All females are obliged by the Christian law not to be of the world; but the larger portion is called to live in the world, and to save their souls amidst the dangers found in it. Our Lord, in the discourse mentioned before, asks of his Father not that he should take his disciples out of the world, but that he may preserve them from evil; and he adds that they are not of the world, as he himself is not of the world. Hence the duty of those who desire to live like true disciples of Christ, is not always to withdraw from the world, but to keep from evil and to be not of the world, after the example of their divine Master.

It is then one thing to be in the world, and another to be of the world. One may live as a good Christian in the world, but no one can please God in being of the world. It is therefore very important for a young woman to know the great difference there is between these two situations, one of which is altogether incom-

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\* We are indebted for the materials of this sketch to the work entitled "*Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, par C. de La Roche Heron*," the work of our excellent friend and associate, Henry de Courcy, Esq.

In the article on the School Sisters one sentence needs explanation. Sister Walburga was not the foundress of the new order, but merely taken into it: the foundress was Sister Mary Teresa, the present Superior General, who was here in 1848.

patible with the duties of the Christian life, whilst the other may cause the display of the brightest virtues by giving occasion to the most difficult struggles.

Superficial minds are generally inclined to confound the means with the end, and what is external in the duties of Christianity with that which constitutes their spirit or their essence. This confusion may give room to many illusions and many dangers. A female could easily persuade herself that the only way not to be of the world, is not to be in the world, which is false; or that once out of the world, she has nothing to fear from its dangers, which is not true.

The throne of God in man, is the heart: what appears exteriorly should be only the reflection of the light within. And it is in this sense that our Lord says: "The kingdom of God is within you." In this sense also we may say: The reign of the world is within us. What we have to do, therefore, is not so much to leave the world as to make the world leave our hearts when it has taken possession of them: for as we may carry solitude and the reign of God in the midst of the world when we are obliged to live in it, so we may carry the reign of the world into the most solitary retreat and the deepest seclusion.

The world is not precisely the society which we frequent, or a particular class of men; it is that collection of maxims and customs which are in direct opposition to the maxims of the Gospel and the usages of the Christian life. It is that frivolity of mind and heart, that idleness of life which makes worldlings waste to no purpose the noblest faculties of their souls and its most generous instincts.

A female belongs to the world when, neglecting her interior, which she should adorn with grace and virtue, she is exclusively occupied to ornament her exterior. She belongs to the world when, putting aside the essential duties of home, she prefers to them the fictitious duties arbitrarily imposed by the world on its slaves. She belongs to the world when, caring little for the decencies of her situation and the requirements of her position, she blindly submits to the caprices and unreasonable usages of fashion. She belongs to the world when, overstepping the bounds set by her means, and disregarding the holy indigence of the poor of Christ, she displays in her furniture, in her dress, in her household establishment a fondness for luxury which reason and faith equally condemn.

She belongs to the world when, rejecting the salutary severity of the Gospel, she takes as the guide of her conduct the relaxed and corrupt maxims of the world; when, forgetting the other life, she confines to the present one the thoughts of her mind and the affections of her heart. She belongs to the world when, disdaining the labor which at the same time exercises and develops the faculties of the soul and the strength of the body, she allows both to languish in indolence. She belongs to the world when, instead of seeking to please God, by devoting herself to the happiness of those who surround her, and have been committed to her care, she strives to please men by external advantages which a superficial and worldly education has developed in her, and solicits from strangers insincere praise and unmerited esteem.

She belongs to the world when, instead of inspiring a husband or a father little inclined to piety with more religious sentiments to prepare him for the fulfillment of Christian duties, she endeavors on the contrary to turn his bad dispositions to the profit of her own vanity and passions. She belongs to the world when, instead of devoting all her attention to the Christian education of her children, or of her brothers and sisters, she, on the contrary, trains them up to the dangerous customs and the dissipated mode of life observed in the world; imitating those barbarous

parents, who in ancient times delivered their children to the embrace of a burning idol to appease the anger of the god which it represented. She belongs to the world when she loves its laws and its humiliating slavery, when she runs after its parties of pleasure, when she approves what it approves and condemns what it condemns, when she judges as it judges, thinks and feels as it thinks and feels, when she lives of its life, and receives all its influences like the plant which draws its nourishment from the soil to which it adheres.

But a woman is in the world without being of the world when, compelled by the circumstances of her position to live in its midst, she knows how to transform into a virtue the necessity which she must obey: when forced to participate in its festivities and amusements, she carries to them the spirit of wisdom and Christian moderation which keeps the soul within proper bounds, and hinders it from yielding to the allurements of pleasure. She is not of the world, when she is in the world as if she were not in it, using the world as using it not, when she considers it, according to the advice of the Apostle, as a phantom or a fugitive shadow which passes with rapidity without leaving any trace after it; when she prefers to its pleasures the sweet joys of the family circle, or the holy comforts of solitude and prayer; when she readily makes a sacrifice of its arbitrary customs and artificial proprieties to the demands of duty and religion: when she is before every thing pious and submissive, a watchful and attentive mother, an affectionate and obedient daughter, a generous and devoted sister, a faithful and sincere friend; when she knows how to carry and preserve in the midst of festivities to which an imperious necessity leads her, that good odor of Jesus Christ whose sweet perfume embalms every one who approaches her, and causes holy thoughts and pious resolutions to rise in their hearts; when instead of attracting others to herself by a secret instinct of vanity to bind them to her car, she thinks only of winning them to God by inspiring them with the desire and love of good, and exercising towards them the offices of a sincere and disinterested charity. Every female may judge by these marks what is the nature of her intercourse with the world, and know whether she is of the world as its other slaves, or whether she is only in the world as the true servant of Jesus Christ.

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**PERSIAN LITERATURE.**—The following beautiful lines are translated from a Persian poet:

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,  
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.  
I said—"What means this worthless grass, that it  
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?"  
Then wept the grass, and said—"Be still! and know  
The kind their old associates ne'er forego—  
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!  
But in the garden of my Lord I grew!"



## BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The Star is shining o'er Bethla's stall,  
The morn in the east is broken,  
And the shepherds are 'biding the angel call,  
That breathing from Heaven awoke them.

Yonder it burns, that beacon of Heaven!  
Lighting the depths of the world anew,  
With a faith new-born and sins forgiven:  
Behold the Saviour! born unto you.

An angel robed in empyreal light,  
Descends unto the lonely stable,  
His radiant wings dispelling the night  
And breathing celestial 'round the cradle.

The kings of the east are gathering in,  
With their emerald jars of myrrh and treasure;  
And the herd and his liege promiscuous kneel,  
In one blent homage together.

O'er mountain and crag, and deep ravine,  
Still doth the wise men bring  
Their vessels of gold and gems supreme,  
And journeying, thus they sing:

Bring gifts, bring treasures, for Jesus is born,  
The Day-Star of Heaven is near us;  
The long promised boon in an earthly form,  
Descended this night between us.

From the east to the west, let his praise be sung;  
From the south to the northern sea;  
Where'er the light of the golden sun,  
Send hither thy rhapsody.

For the voice of the Lord is upon the earth,  
And the fullness of mercy is near;  
Disclosing to us at his infinite birth  
The love that he bore for us here.

Joy unto man! rings the heavenly choir,  
While the gray vault of Heaven recedes;  
And 'mid the blinding light of its dazzling fire,  
Ten thousand angels earth receives.

Joy unto man! and the echoing hosts  
Trembling amid the wild acclaim,  
Acknowledge Him, infinity's most,  
Born of the earth and of God the same.

And the sky is blent with the wrapt hosannah;  
While myriad voices echoing on,  
Proclaim the joy with notes undying,  
Of God made man and of Jesus born.

And e'en unto judgment shall it descend;  
The adorable praise of that holy hour,  
And joyous anthems to his throne ascend  
Proclaiming the great Redeemer's power.

Hail Virgin Mother! supremely blest,  
By all that Heaven could e'er bestow,  
In bearing Jesus thou hast won the best  
Of creatures places, above, below.

ALPHONSE.

# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XVI.

MR. WEEKS left his room soon after his cousin,—it being now somewhat advanced in the forenoon,—and with a cigar in his mouth, descended the steps of the hall door, and sauntered out to breathe the fresh air. It was a delightful morning. Every thing looked cheerful and pleasant. The new mown hay lay in long swathes on the lawn exhaling its perfume under the warm sun. The mowers swart with toil were slowly sweeping their scythes through the ripe grass, and moving onwards side by side with measured steps across the broad field. Over the tops of the trees which skirted the demesne below, and through the vistas which time or the axe had made amongst them appeared patches of Mulroy bay, now as calm and bright as a mirror. On its southern shore might be seen a little whitewashed building, showing a gilded cross on its gable facing the sea, and round about among the fern and hawthorns, with which it was surrounded, a number of white headstones peeping out here and there to mark it for a burial place of the dead. This was Massmount where our foreign friend first saw Mary Lee as she knelt at the altar. It was a solitary spot,—and as pleasant for the dead to rest in as could be found in the whole world. No house within a mile of it, and no noise to disturb its repose, but the twitter of the swallow about the eaves of the little church, or the gentle wash of the waves amongst the sea-shells at its base. And if on the Sunday morning, the silence which reigned there through all the week was broken, it only seemed to make the stillness that succeed the more solemn and profound. To the eastward of the chapel, and surrounded by a belt of trees, was located the modest residence of Mr. Guirkie, its white chimneys just visible from the windows of Crohan house, and trending away to the westward a long tongue of meadow land called Morass-ridge, on the tip or extreme point of which rose up the still majestic ruins of *Strannagh*, once a stronghold of the far famed O'Dougherty of Innishowen. Midway between these two prominent features in the landscape, appeared the old church-yard of Massmount with its little white chapel facing the sea.

Mr. Weeks, touched by the simple beauty of the scene, laid himself down half unconsciously on the green sward to enjoy it at his leisure.

\* Copy-right secured according to Law.

Dear Irish reader let us sit down beside him for a moment and view the picture also. There is nothing in it new to your eyes, to be sure,—nothing you hav'nt seen a thousand times before. It was only an old church-yard, and old church-yards in Ireland you known are always the same. The same old beaten foot-paths through the rank grass,—the same old hawthorn trees which in early summer shed their white blossoms on the green graves—the same old ivy walls overshadowing the moss-covered tombs of the monk and nun. No, there was nothing strange or new in the picture—on the contrary every thing there was as familiar to you as your own thoughts. But tell us, dear reader—now that we can converse quietly together—does not the sight of such a spot sometimes wake up old memories? Do you still remember the place in the old ruins where the Prior's Ghost was seen so often after sunset, or the fairy tree beside the holy well which no axe could cut down, nor human hand break a branch off with impunity?—but above all do you remember the shady little corner where the dear ones lie buried—the grassy mound where you knelt to drop the last tear on bidding farewell to the land you will never see again? Oh, dear reader, do your thoughts ever wander back to these scenes of your youth? When in the long summer evenings, after the toil of the day is over, you sit by the porch of the stranger enjoying the cool night air, and gazing up at the sparkling heavens above you, does your eye ever roam in search of that star you should know better than all the rest, the bright one that shines on your own “native isle of the ocean?” When your heart feels sad under a sense of its isolation; nay, when it turns with disgust from the treacherous and the coldhearted, who, having wiled you to their shores, now deny you even a foothold on their soil,—does memory then ever carry you back to the old homestead among the hills, where in bye-gone years you have met so many generous souls round the humble hearthstone? Alas! alas! when you look at those once stalwart limbs you gave your adopted country as a recompense for the freedom she promised you, now wasted away in her service—when you think of the blood you shed in her battles, the prayers you offered for her prosperity, the pride with which you heard her name spoken of in other lands, and the glorious hopes you once entertained of seeing her the greatest and the best of the nations of the earth—and yet to think, oh, to think, that the only return she makes for all this is to hate and spurn you. When thoughts like these weigh down your heart, tell us, dear reader, do you not sometimes long to see the old land again, and lay your shattered frame down to rest in that shady corner you remember so well in the old church-yard?

But they tell you here you must not indulge such thoughts as these. On the contrary, you must forget the past, you must renounce your love for the country that gave you birth, you must sever every tie that knits you to her bosom, you must abjure and repudiate her forever more; the songs you sung and the stories you told so often by the light of the peat fire, must never be sung or told again; all the associations of home and friends, all the pleasant recollections of your boyhood, all the traditions of your warrior and sainted ancestors, must be blotted from your memory, as so many treasons against the land of your adoption. Or if you do venture to speak of old times and old places when you meet with long absent friends round the social board, it must be in whispers and with closed doors, lest the strangers should hear you as they pass by. And behold the return they make you for these sacrifices! They give you freedom, freedom to live like helots in the land they promised to make your own,—freedom to worship your Creator under a roof which a godless mob may at any moment fire with impunity,—

freedom to shed your blood in defence of a flag that would gladly waive in triumph over the extinction of your race. Speak, exile, are you willing to renounce your fatherland for such a recompense as this? Oh if you be, may no ray of sunlight ever visit your grave, no friend or relation, wife or child, ever shed a tear to hal-low it. If you've fallen so low as to kiss the foot that spurns you, and grown so mean as to fawn upon a nation that flings you from her with disgust, then go and live the degraded, soulless thing thou art, fit only to fatten on garbage and rot in a potter's field. Go! quit this place, for the sight of an old Irish church yard has no charms for you.

Mr. Weeks had now been sitting for half an hour or more contemplating the scene before him, when hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he turned to see who was coming.

It was Rebecca Hardwrinkle, accompanied by the colporteur and two of her younger sisters, on their way to Ballymagahey.

"Well, there," said Weeks rising and shaking off the chips he had been whittling from a withered branch that happened to lie within his reach—"there! I thought you'd gone long ago."

"My brother detained me," replied Rebecca, "to select some tracts from a parcel he had just received as I was just leaving the house, and seeing you here, I passed this way to offer you one for your inspection. It's on the efficacy of prayer."

"Humph!" ejaculated Weeks, looking at the book, "I know what you're coming at, I guess; I hav'nt been at family worship this morning."

"Ah cousin, were it only once you absented yourself, we might find some excuse—but, to be absent so often—oh, dear!"

"Well now look here, I don't profess to be much of a Christian, you know, and consequently you can't expect me to get used to your tastes right straight off, without considerable training."

"And then your religious sentiments are so very shocking, Ephraim, that I tremble to think of your soul, and the end that awaits it if you turn not speedily to the Lord. Read that little book, however, attentively, and you will find it of great spiritual advantage. And then, dear cousin, I shall have you prayed for next sabbath."

"Me prayed for?"

"Certainly."

"Guess not."

"Why, can you have any possible objection to be prayed for by the God fearing, pious servants of the Lord?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I have—a slight one."

"How very strange! did you only once feel the benefit you would derive from the prayers of the elect?"

"Just so—but I'm kinder green you know in that line."

"Brother Robert and Abigail there, and Hannah and all of us have been prayed for so often, and have always felt our strength renewed in so wonderful a manner."

"Not a doubt of it. But you see, I feel considerable strong as it is, and ai'nt disposed to trouble you just at present. Say cousin, whereabouts here is the priest's house? ai'nt that it over there west of the pond? I want to call on the old feller this morning."

"Yes, that's his house, that little cottage there; but what can your business be with him, Ephraim?"

"Well not much, if any, should like to ask him a question or two—that's all."

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!—afraid of what?"

"To converse with him in the weak state of your soul."

"Why, what in creation do you take me for?"

"Don't be offended cousin, I speak to you for your own good."

"My own good—I ai'nt a fool, am I?"

"No, no, dear Ephraim, but you know you're weak."

"Nonsense!"

"I speak the truth, you will never be able to resist him. He's a most insinuating, dangerous man."

"The old priest?"

"Yes. You've heard I suppose how he converted the tutor at the parsonage?"

"No—can't say I have."

"And poor Kate Petersham, too," put in Abigail—"she's on the very verge of the gulf."

"There! by the way, I had almost forgotten it. I must call on these Petershams. What sorter girl, though, is this Kate you speak of? Kinder crazy, ai'nt she?"

"A little weak," responded Rebecca, "but still a good natured soul. Some of her neighbors, poor thing, have lately been telling idle stories about her, but I'm sure they're all false. For my part, I can't believe them. And I'm sure it's nothing to me if she turned Catholic to-morrow. Only people will talk you know, Ephraim."

"Well—nothing prejudicial to her honor, I presume."

Rebecca glanced significantly at her sister and Mr. Sweetsoul, but said nothing in reply.

"Excuse me," said Weeks, "I should'nt have put that question perhaps; but the fact is the young lady has invited me to Castle Gregory, and I can't very well refuse; besides, her brother, Captain Petersham, is most anxious to have me call on him."

"Did the lady invite you herself?" enquired Rebecca.

"Why, certainly. I had a note from her a week ago to that effect."

"Written by herself?"

"Well, her name was signed to it—Kate Petersham."

Rebecca again glanced at her companions, and tried to blush and look mortified at such indelicate conduct.

"Well, it did seem kinder strange, I allow," said Weeks, "but not being well posted up as to the customs of the country, I did'nt know but it was all right."

"Don't go, Ephraim," said Rebecca, laying her black gloved hand affectionately on his arm. "Don't go, if you take my advice."

"She can't hurt me, I reckon—can she?"

"No, dear Ephraim, she can't hurt your body, but she might your soul. You're weak you know—very weak indeed, and she very captivating both in person and conversation. I do not like, my dear cousin, these visits to Miss Petersham and the Catholic priest, especially without some one to protect you against the dangerous influence of their society."

"You don't eh?"

"No indeed, dear cousin, I do not."

"Look at me, Miss Hardwrinkle," said Weeks, thrusting his hands down into his pockets, and hitching up his shoulders.

"I see."

"Is there any thing remarkably green about me?"

"Green! no, dear Ephraim."

"Ai'nt I a Yankee, born and bred, eh?"

"Certainly."

"And do you really think I don't know nothing—that I can't take care of myself among a parcel of Irish. What sorter folks d'ye think we Yankees are, any how?"

"Don't grow vexed with me, dear Ephraim, don't grow vexed. I would not offend you for the world. I only speak so for your own good, dear cousin. Mr. Sweetsoul here knows how often I have wept over your weakness, and how incessantly I have prayed that the light of truth might dispel the darkness ——"

"Stop! stop!—thunder! Hav'nt I been listening to all that long talk till I'm enamored crazy?"

"Oh! dear, he has grown so nervous of late, Mr. Sweetsoul," said Rebecca, turning to the colporteur, "that he cannot bear to hear a single word of advice."

"Nervous! and where's the wonder, with seven sisters of you talking religion at me from morning till night. Why, I can't smoke a cigar, by crackie, but I'm taken to task for it. It's too great an indulgence, or it's too worldly looking, or it's one darned thing or other."

"But, dear Ephraim, don't you feel that we have your spiritual welfare at heart, and don't you know that when we speak to you of religion, it is only because we love you too well to see you perish before our eyes. Oh, if the sweet dew of religion only once touched ——"

"The dew of religion. That's the talk—go ahead cousin, I shan't say another word on the subject—go ahead. I'll stand it out I guess, if any man can," and the speaker picked up the branch he had just been whittling, and set to it again, as vigorously as if he had been whittling for a wager. Mr. Weeks was evidently excited, but tried very hard to keep cool. "And now, Mr. Sweetsoul, you may judge whether we have reason or not to fear for our dear cousin," said Rebecca, again turning to the colporteur. "Just look at this trinket. Here is a pair of popish rosary beads, which the chambermaid found on the floor of Mr. Weeks' bed-room the morning after he first entered the lighthouse lodge at Araheera," and the speaker held them up between her finger and thumb for inspection.

"Dreadful!"

"This was his first lesson from the Romish light-keeper and his pretty daughter."

"I have already explained to you how I came by these beads," said Weeks.

"I picked them up where they had fallen from an old bible at the light-house, and unthinkingly put them in my pocket. But no matter now; fire away."

"Don't grow angry, Ephraim."

"I ai'nt angry."

"I merely call your attention to the beads to shew you the danger you have to guard against in forming Catholic associations. Is there any thing in that to make you angry with me?"

"I ai'nt angry, I tell you, not a mite."

"You are angry. I see it in your countenance, Ephraim. Oh if you only experienced religion for one little week how easily you could repress this irritability. There now, see how you cut up that stick so pettishly. Just see how nervous you are."

"I tell you I'm *not* nervous," cried Weeks, at the top of his voice.



"And so excited, then."

"I ai'nt excited."

"Why, dear me, Mr. Sweetsoul, only look at him."

"There!" exclaimed Weeks at length, loosing his temper altogether, and flinging away both knife and branch, "there, good by; by thunder, if this ai'nt the most inhuman treatment that ever man suffered."

"Stay Ephraim, stay cousin; do, for one moment," entreated Rebecca, endeavoring to lay hold of his arm.

"Not a second," he cried, buttoning his coat and hurrying off, full of indignation at the idea of being treated so like a child or a fool. "By gracious," he added, halting for an instant in his step and looking back, "by gracious, you ought to turn to at once and spoon feed me."

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## CHAPTER XVII.

MR. WEEKS on parting with his lady cousins (which he did rather abruptly as we have seen in the last chapter), returned to Crohan House, and lighting another cigar, mounted the sober animal he generally selected for a morning's ride, and set out for Father Brennan's. When he arrived at the Rev. gentleman's residence, he was somewhat disappointed to learn from the servant that he had gone some five or six miles from home on a sick call, and could not possibly return till late in the evening. Resolving however to have an interview with the priest with as little delay as possible, he drew a card from the richly carved case he always had about him, and having written a request to that effect on the back of it with his pencil, handed it to the servant, and then turned his horse's head in the direction of Greenmount Cottage.

Mrs. Motherly was sitting on the steps of the hall door, knitting her stocking, and looking quite happy as she plied her needles. The good woman was dressed as usual in her large well frilled cap and white apron, with her bunch of keys hanging by her side, as much perhaps for show as convenience. On the grass at her feet a gray cat lay stretched in the sun with half a dozen kittens playing about her on the green.

"Mrs. Motherly, how d'ye do?" said Weeks. "Mr. Guirkie at home?"

"Your sarvint, sir," replied the matron, rising and running her needles into the stocking, after she had waited to count the stitches. "Mr. Guirkie's not in, sir."

"Ai'nt?"

"No, sir; he left here about an hour ago for Rathmullen."

"Rathmullen—let me see—that's the place he visits so often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goes there every week, don't he?"

"Every Thursday, sir."

"On business, I presume?"

"No, sir, not that I know of."

"Got relatives there, perhaps?"

"No, sir; he has no relatives living, I believe. People say though he's often seen sitting on a tomb-stone there in the ould grave yard."

"Well—must be some friend, I guess?"

"Why, if the gentleman was a native of this part o' the country, it might,"

responded Mrs. Motherly, "but he's not; he was born in Cork or Clare, or somewhere thereabouts, I hear."

"Does he never speak to you of these visits, Mrs. Motherly?"

"Niver, sir."

"You don't say so! It's odd, ai'nt it?"

"Oh, it's just of a piece with the rest of his doings. He niver thinks of telling me any thing, ov course; why should he—I'm nothing but sarvint, you know. I'm only here to do the work, slavin and sludgin from mornin till night, strivin to plaze him and humor him, till my heart's amost broke, and all the thanks I get is mighty easy told, Mr. Weeks, when all's over."

"Don't doubt it. He's a very odd kinder man in his ways, that's a fact."

"You may well say that, sir. He's the provokinest man that ever drew breath, that's the short and the long of it. But won't you light and come in, sir?"

"Well, guess I shall, come to think of it. Say, can't I write a note here, and leave it for Mr. Guirkie?"

"Sartintly, sir; come in, there's paper there and pens plenty in the parlor. As for the cratur on the sofa, he'll not disturb you in the laste."

"Hilloa! who the thunder is this?" cried Weeks, as he entered the parlor and beheld the African stretched at his full length on the sofa, and apparently fast asleep. "A nigger, ai'nt he?"

"Yes, sir; that's our new boarder," replied Mrs. Motherly, in rather a caustic tone of voice.

"But how the dickens did he come here?"

"Mr. Guirkie, sir, carried the gentleman home with him from the wreck."

"Ah, that's it. I have heard of a wreck lately somewhere here in the neighborhood."

"He's a very respectable boarder for a lone woman, is'nt he, Mr. Weeks?"

"Well, don't know exactly; that's all a matter of taste. Some folks like niggers very much. There's our New England ladies, for instance, they're terrible kind to niggers. I'd venture to say, if this here chap happened to be cast ashore any where along the eastern seaboard, they'd gather round and clothe and feast him like a prince, before he got well out of the water."

"You're jokin, Mr. Weeks."

"No *mam*, I ai'nt jokin a mite."

"And you tell me they're so fond of them as all that?"

"Fond, yes, guess they are fond—they're the most almighty fond creatures in that way in all creation."

"Bedad then, Mr. Weeks, I don't envy their taste very much."

"Well, it's not that their taste lies that way, either," replied Weeks, "for the fact is, they despise niggers as much as any people in the world. But it's a sorter philanthropy, you see, that's made up of a half sentimental, half benevolent kinder squeamishness, with a slight dash of the religious in it by way of seasoning."

"Yes, sir, of coorse."

"You understand me?"

"Oh perfectly, sir. They must be mighty charitable intirely to the creatures, God bless them."

"Very charitable indeed. That is, I mean to the slave portion of the race. Sometimes their philanthropy impels them even to pawn their jewels to buy a slave from bondage."

"See that now. Is'nt it wondherful to think of it, and still I often heard Mr. Guirkie say the cratures out there in America warn't so badly off' after all."

"Well, no—guess they're pretty well off for clothes and food, and all that sorter thing. But they hai'nt got their liberty you know; and no American born ought to see a human in slavery and not try to liberate him."

"True for you, Mr. Weeks, you speak like a Christian, so you do. Dear knows it's a poor sight to see God's creators bought and sould, as they say they are over there, just for all the world like a cow or a horse—it's onnatural, that's what it is."

"It's shocking!"

"And still," said Mrs. Motherly, "they tell us the poor Irish there is'nt trated much better than slaves."

"My dear woman, don't believe a word of it."

"Why, I have a letther in my pocket here, from a niece of mine, that's livin in a place called Boston, and she tells me it's tarrible to think of what they suffer. There it is," continued the good woman, opening it and pointing to a particular passage, "they're thrated here like slaves, and have more to suffer from the Yankees, specially in regard to our religion, than ever we had at home from the bloody parsecutin English. It's a wonder they're not ashamed to purfess so much tunderness for the slaves, and trate the poor Irish so manely as that."

"My dear woman, you don't understand the case as it really is. It's only the lower orders of our people act so."

"And why don't the upper orders make them behave themselves then?"

"Can't do it. It's a free country," replied Weeks.

"Oh bad wine to such freedom as that. I wud'nt give you a button for it. There's my niece, as decent a reared little girl as ever crossed the water—I'll say that much for her, though she is my niece—and her mistress, whose nothin after all but a shop-keeper's wife, may be not as decent a father and mother's child either, and the best word she has in her cheek for the cratur is the 'paddy girl,' and the 'papist,' and the 'ignorant booby,' and 'go to the old priest, he'll forgive you your sins for a ninepence.' What kind of talk is that, Mr. Weeks?" continued the good woman, rolling up her arms in her apron and looking at him.

"Well that ai'nt right, I allow," responded Weeks.

"Right—behad if the girls would do as I would, they'd slap them in the face, and that's what I told Bridget in my last letter. Humph! pretty thing, indeed, because they pay their girls six or seven shillings a week, they think they have a right to insult and abuse them."

"Very few think so, Mrs. Motherly, very few indeed. I know many, very many families in New England who respect their help, and are as kind to them as if they were members of the family."

"To be sure you do, sir, and so Bridget says too in her letter here, but they're respectable people. I mane yer upsettin half and between fine ladies, that think they ought to take airs on themselves as soon as they can afford to hire a girl to do their work—that's the kind I mane."

"Just so, that's all right enough—but still, Mrs. Motherly, some of yure Irish girls are pretty spunky—no mistake about it."

"I don't doubt it, sir, in the laste, and may be there's plenty of them desearves to be turned out of doors too for their impudence. But can't all that be done without casting up their religion and their priest to them. Ah that's mane, sir, mane as dirt to insult a poor girl by abusin her religion."

"Well—I hai'nt got much time to spare now, Mrs. Motherly, let us put off this subject till another time. So I'll just set down here, if you hav'nt no objection, and write a note for Mr. Guirkie, which you'll please to hand him as soon as he returns."

"Sartintly, Mr. Weeks, with the greatest pleasure in life; I hope Sambo here won't disturb you, sir."

"Not in the laste, Mrs. Motherly. He's asleep, ai'nt he?"

"So it seems, and still I niver knew him to sleep at this hour of the day. He was sittin up a minit or two before you came. I'll see. 'Sambo! Sambo! wake up.' There's not a stir in him."

"Don't mind him, Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, dipping the pen in the ink-stand, "don't mind him."

"Well, I niver saw him asleep but he snored strong enough to draw the sides of the house together. And see now, he hardly seems to breathe. 'Sambo,' she repeated, shaking him by the arm—'Sambo, wake up; here's the gentleman you were asking about th' other day.'"

"About me?"

"Yes, sir; he started just as if he'd been shot, when he saw you pass the window here last week."

"Last week—why I don't remember to have seen or heard any thing of him. I didn't know you'd got a nigger here 'til this minute."

"Well, he saw you, sir, any way and looked as frightened as if you came to drag him to the gallows."

"Indeed. Wake him up then and let's see what he's like."

"Sambo, hilloa Sambo," cried Mrs. Motherly, again shaking him roughly by the arm, 'look up, man, and speak to us'—he won't though, not a budge he'll do. Bedad, Mr. Weeks, may be he's dying."

"Not he—the fellow's comin possum over us, that's all; but hold on a bit, I'll make him speak—bet a fourpence," and striking the African a smart rap on the shin with his knuckles, the sleeper started up in an instant to a sitting posture, and bellowed as if he had been stuck with a bayonet.

"Shut up," said Weeks; "you ai'nt murdered, are you?"

"Oh, Massa Charles, Massa Charles," cried the African, rubbing the wounded part with his hand, "you know him place strike poor nigger."

"You see that," observed Mrs. Motherly, "he seems to know you."

"Massa Charles—why who the thunder are you—eh?"

"Oh, golly, there Massa Charles, not know Sambo!"

"What Sambo."

"Why, Jubal Sambo—gosh! that very sprizin, many time Massa lick'd Sambo on old plantation."

"Where?" demanded Weeks, his words growing few and faint as the negro's voice and features grew more and more familiar to him.

"Where! yah, yah, no remember Moose Creek, old Virginny? Massa Charles look him my back, him know Sambo better: ebery one knows him own marks."

"Moose Creek!—good heavens!" there! exclaimed Weeks, "well by crackie, if that ai'nt the most unexpected —"

"Yah, yah," chuckled the African, now that his shin no longer troubled him, "Massa no spect see Sambo, so far from home. Sambo no fraid massa now. Sambo free nigger, yah! yah!"

"Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, turning to the house keeper, who stood looking on apparently much interested in the conversation, "may I beg you to quit the room for a few moments, I should like to say a few words to this poor fellow—seems to me I have seen him before."

"Indeed then you have, sir, I'll warrant that much," said Mrs. Motherly, looking up at Weeks' face now as pale as a sheet of paper. "But sure if you have anything in private to say to him, I'll not prevent you. Strange how people meets sometimes so far from home, and when they laste expect it too into the bargain. Is'nt it quare, Mr. Weeks?"

"Very much so indeed—but you'll excuse me Mrs. Motherly."

"Sartintly, sir, I was only just goin to tell you how Mr. Guirkie, thravellin in America, once met with an ould rival of his in the same way, that he thought was dead twenty years before. It was the oddest thing in the world. Him and Mr. Guirkie it seems in their young days were both courtin the same young lady, but so lo and behold you, she went off at last with the other gentleman, and then Mr. Guirkie made a vow never to marry, seein he had no heart to give any one, for he loved the girl beyond all raison, and indeed to this very day he carries her picture about with him wherever he goes. Well he went across the seas to thravel thinkin to forget her among the strangers, and what would ye hear of it, but after leaving the West Indies and landin in the States of America, the first face he knew was that of his ould rival. There he was standin on the Quay right before him as he stept ashore from the vessel."

"Very strange, indeed," assented Weeks, "a very remarkable circumstance—exceedingly so. But won't you allow me, Mrs. Motherly —?"

"Sartintly, Mr. Weeks, sartintly, sir."

"Gosh, dat bery quere," muttered Sambo.

"What?" demanded Weeks.

"Why, Massa Guirkie meetin him old ribal on de wharf."

"How so, Sambo?"

"Well old Massa Filiot just say same ting. Moder told me all about it long time ago. Massa walk on the wharf, and dere comes him old ribal right out of de ship afore him bery eyes, de man he tink was dead and burried. De sight almost knock him blind."

"Any thing else I can do for you, Mr. Weeks?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Motherly, nothing at present."

"Shor I'll leave you, sir, together, to settle your own affairs, only I would advise you, Mr. Weeks, before I go, to caution this foolish fellow not to call you Massa Charles any more, for the people of this wicked world are always watchin and peepin into other people's buisiness, you know, and ten chances to one but they'd say you wer'nt the man you purtended to be, at all, at all." So saying, Mrs. Motherly made her usual "courtesy" at the door, and closed it behind her.

## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE DAY-STAR OF AMERICAN FREEDOM; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland.** By *Geo. L.L. Davis, Esq.*, of the Baltimore Bar. New York: Charles Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The early colonial history of Maryland has of late years been a subject of deep investigation. This is doubtless owing to the efforts made by certain writers to wrest from the illustrious Calvert and his Catholic associates, the honor of having been the first to proclaim and reduce to practice on the shores of America, the doctrine of religious toleration. The investigation has engaged the attention of men of the highest talents in the country; men of gifted intellects and liberal views, professing a creed differing from that of Lord Baltimore, and who have been impelled to the task by no other motive than that of a disinterested love of truth. Among these we are happy to place the author of the work before us, Mr. Davis, of our own city. With indefatigable labor he has scrutinized every vestige of our early records, re-examined the famous Maryland Charter, and collated the various acts of the colonial assembly, and from these acts and monuments, establishes beyond a question, what Bancroft, McMahon, and other eminent writers have shown, that to the Pilgrims of Maryland belong the honor of having been the founders of religious liberty in the country; that the "Day-Star of American Freedom" in matters of religion arose from the shores of the Chesapeake.

The "Day-Star" comes exceedingly opportune at a time when we hear so much on the subject of religious toleration, and its circulation must and will be productive of good. The candor that pervades its pages, the earnest desire of arriving at the truth evinced by the author in all his researches, and the freedom from every expression or remote allusion that could offend the most sensitive mind, must at once render it acceptable to every reader. For ourselves, we can freely say, that we have seldom read a book with more pleasure than the one before us. We have read much in our time relative to the early settlement of our State, but we are free to confess that we found much in its pages both new and interesting; and we venture to say, that no one will read it without deriving from it additional lessons of information.

We will not, however, forestall our readers by further remarks, or mar the intellectual feast that they will enjoy from its perusal.

2. **THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.** By Dr. *Doran*. In two volumes. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The stately gravity of history does not become the good Doctor at all. He is by far too fond of a joke to remain as serious as his subject would require, and that subject seems to us to demand far more seriousness than almost any other portion of that blot upon the human character, the annals of England. The most indignant pen could scarcely drop as much gall and wormwood as were merited by those three royal beasts, that under the name of George I, II, and IV, disgraced England. Even the Pagan Cæsars, drowned in voluptuousness, could scarcely evoke as much indignation in a right-minded reader, who has any respect for his manhood. They could plead reprisals, but those Georges—it would be almost staining the character of their injured consorts to name them in the same page with their brutal husbands. Hence we think the good Doctor, whose kindly nature revels in fun, erred sadly in judgment when he selected this subject. He could not be indignant if he would, and his strongest efforts at censure only provoke a smile at their utter inaptness. Yet after all, perhaps this mild way of showing up the royal menagerie will have more effect in accomplishing the good Doctor's object, than any philippic, how eloquent soever and burning with indignation at their unworthy conduct it might be. The volumes are full of interesting incidents and give us a good knowledge of the customs and manners of the period.



3. **RICHARD HURDIS**; a tale of Alabama. By *W. Gilmore Simms*. N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It would be difficult to find a more repulsive story than that which forms the basis of this novel. Two brothers are in love with the same woman. The elder, being unsuccessful, resolves upon the murder of the fortunate suitor, and employs a low villain to carry out his nefarious scheme. By a mistake, the desperado slays the intimate friend of the doomed man, who thereupon, without knowing the perpetrators, vows implacable vengeance against them, and devotes his life to their pursuit. He disguises himself, gets into the confidence of an organized gang of thieves, who have frightened his brother into joining them, and finally brings down the angry citizens upon a nest of the villains. During the fray his brother is killed, not by the hero, though he has been repeatedly on the point of satisfying the demands of justice with his own hands, and is only prevented by accidental intervention from accomplishing his purpose.

The episodes are of a similar revolting character. The manner in which the *dramatis personæ* are disposed of reminds us of those old tragedies satirized in the squibs of Bombastes Furioso and Chrononhoton Thologas. There are nineteen characters introduced, and eleven of them are killed off during the progress of the story. This strikes us as rather sanguinary, even for the southwest in John J. Murrell's days. A good many of the exploits in the book are manifestly founded upon the common stories of the feats of that atrocious scoundrel, and the rascally organization therein described is identical with that presided over by him.

We are sorry to say that we can discover nothing in the manner in which these materials have been managed to atone for the bad taste manifested in their selection. There is no character painting that is not of the coarsest and commonest description. The villains and hypocrites are the old stereotyped scoundrels we have met with from our earliest childhood, and the good people bear a marvellous similarity to those of a thousand novels. Some of the scenes, however, are graphically described with considerable rhetorical skill.

4. **A MANUAL OF ELEMENTARY GEOLOGY**. By Sir *Charles Lyell*, M. A. F. R. S. Reprinted from the fifth edition, greatly enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If any professor of science deserved to be *ennobled* for his contributions to science, that professor is our old acquaintance, whom we now see for the first time with the gentle prefix to his honored name. Devoted to a most engrossing field of science, he has explored it with an indefatigable industry, and has contributed more to the knowledge of its secrets than any that we are acquainted with. We are rejoiced to see that his success has been commensurate with his devotion. Five editions is a very large issue for any scientific work in these days, when so many are endeavoring to make to themselves a name in such pursuits. This new edition, in every thing except the wood-cuts, is an improvement upon its predecessors. But we are somewhat astonished that the enterprising publishers could not find in the city of New York, better engravers on wood than those who prepared the cuts for these pages. That city can certainly boast of more artistic skill, as more than one work of late years can testify. We do not include in this the mere outline engravings, though they are done coarsely enough, for their fidelity to nature is sufficient for the purposes of science. We refer to the views of scenery. Of the manner in which the main purpose of the work has been accomplished, to guide the student to a knowledge of the physical condition of the earth, the fact of this being the fifth edition speaks sufficiently. The time has gone by when the pious need fear any harm to his creed from the speculations of philosophers. Geology was, in its youth, like all young beings of modern times, somewhat restive under the authority of revelation, and wished to make itself independent, before it had attained to its majority. But the experience, that comes with age, taught it another lesson, and it is contented now to remain in its own sphere and serve that religion, as a handmaid, which it would have rejected as a step-mother and a tyrant. Those, then, who love natural science much but their religion more, may take up this work without fear of having their ideas shocked by any impious conclusions, although they need not, as perhaps they do not, expect to find any very religious sentiment in it.

5. **THE LIFE OF CHRIST, or Meditations for every Day in the Year.** By *F. J. Nouet*, S. J. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

An excellent compilation of an excellent work, which we would like to see in the hands of every Catholic. The works of F. Nouet, distinguished for their sweetness and unction, have long been known to European readers, but except a translation of his Octave of the Blessed Sacrament, they have not found their way to this country. This is to our knowledge the first attempt of a Catholic publisher here to introduce a portion of them to the American Catholic. It makes its appearance, to be sure, under the form of a compilation, but we are confident that, if it be once read with that attention which it merits, the publishers will find it a good investment to bring out the whole of the good Father's meditations. His character among his brothers in that illustrious order, which has edified the Church with so many valuable works, is perfectly shown in the tradition that speaks of his talent in writing of the Saviour as being communicated for an act of devotion to the foster-father of Jesus, performed in the early part of his religious life. No one can read and not feel the truth of this tradition in the wonderful variety and sweetness with which he introduces the meditating Christian to the secrets of the divine humanity. Would that we could induce every one to use even this compendium!

6. **THE MYSTERIES OF THE FAITH.**—The Holy Eucharist, containing part I, the visits and other devotions to the Most Holy Sacrament.—Part II, Novena of the Holy Ghost, short spiritual treatises, &c. By *St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori*. Newly translated from the Italian, and edited by *Robert A. Coffin*, C.S.S.R. New York: Dunigan & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Tolle et lege—take up and read—were the words addressed to the hesitating Augustine by the angel, who was striving for his conversion. We would say the same to all our readers good and bad, hesitating and fixed, of these works of the indefatigable Saint Alphonsus. The new translation progresses favorably, and no better offering of filial devotion could Fr. Coffin make to the sainted founder of his order than by this task of love, which he has undertaken and fulfils so faithfully. The works themselves are not new to our readers, many of whom have many a time rekindled the fainting fires of their devotion in these furnaces of divine love. *Copiosa apud eum redemptio.*

7. **A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.** By *Richard McCormick, Jr.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The Eastern war has caused the Crimea to occupy at present an important position on the map of Europe. Every thing, therefore, emanating from that peninsula will be clothed, more or less, with a degree of interest. Hence, nearly every visitor to the scene of war has favored the public, in some shape or other, with accounts of what he learned or saw there during his sojourn. The author of the book before us is one of this class. He paid a visit to the camp of the allies about a year ago, and sojourned there for several months, while the armies lay in winter quarters. His account, which is chiefly confined to the English camp, is written in an easy style, and is possessed of considerable interest. He confirms what we have frequently seen stated in the journals of the day concerning the sad deficiency in the English camp in every thing relating to order, discipline and the comforts of the men, and the great superiority of the French in all these particulars. On the whole the book will richly pay the reader for his trouble in going over it. If he learns nothing from the text, he will certainly learn something from the excellent map of the Crimea, which it contains.

8. **THE MYSTERIOUS STORY BOOK; OR THE GOOD STEP-MOTHER.** By *Whom?* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is really nothing mysterious in this book except the name. On the contrary it is a plain, simple and interesting series of stories, well calculated to please and stimulate children to read. But the chief aim of the work is to point out the duty and obligations of those who may be called to act the part of a parent towards the children of others. From the kindness and affection shown by Mrs. Morton, the heroine of the tale, to her step-children, many useful and practical lessons may be learned.

9. **THE IRISH ABROAD AND AT HOME**, at the Court and in the Camp, with Souvenirs of the Brigade—reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Every page of this collection of anecdotes bears the impress of its newspaper origin. Unconnected frequently, and rambling in true Milesian style into parenthesis after parenthesis and reminiscences, that are *apropos* of nothing, it would not give the collector much fame as a book-maker, however it might please for its variety. Cousin Robert, if he had a real existence, which we very much doubt, was a member of a very different brigade from that which figured in the armies of France, and might very easily have formed other lines than those that wielded the sword and the bayonet on the battle fields of Europe. Notwithstanding this, the book is a very readable one and a valuable addition to the anecdotal literature of the day. We had a mind to select one or two specimens for the amusement of our readers and to give an idea of the narrator's talent, but we thought of the fool we had read of in our school-boy days, who carried about him a brick as the sample of the house he wished to sell, and we thought it better to leave the book alone for the judgment of those who would buy it.

10. "DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS"—*Florence Dornby; Little Paul; and Oliver and the Jew*. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These three little books are the last of the series called "Dickens' Little Folks," or selections of characters from the works of the great author, adapted to the capacity of juvenile readers. The original have already stood the test of criticism, and have been universally received with almost unparalleled favor. These little volumes will be read with particular pleasure by those who have already perused the larger works, and are anxious to revive in their memories some of the most striking features of the style and portraiture of this great painter of human nature. The books are void of morbid sentimentality, and will afford a great deal of healthy enjoyment to the reader, old or young.

11. **UNCLE JOHN'S FIRST BOOK**, and also **UNCLE JOHN'S SECOND BOOK**. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two excellent little books, and admirably adapted to the capacity of the young. We know of no books of the kind (apart from those that are religious), that we can more freely recommend. The simple stories they contain are both pleasing and instructive, while the numerous illustrations with which they abound will make them gems to the eye of the youthful reader.

12. **OUT OF DEBT—OUT OF DANGER**. By *Cousin Alice*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another readable volume from the same publishers. Under a title suggestive of many wholesome reflections, the authoress exhibits in truthful colors, the evils of debt and the folly of living beyond one's means, and the consequences that follow from such a course. It is lamentably but too true, that debt is the absorbing evil of the times. Hundreds will confess the truth of the language of the work before us: "We should do without a great many little things if we had to pay the money at once, but it is so easy to get a thing charged." Yes, it is easy to get a thing charged, but pay-day will come some time. Many, too many, will realize what poor Mr. Bleeker, the hero of the tale, found to be true, and will, at the approach of the coming season exclaim with him: "Bills, bills, bills, now for a month, nothing but bills! That's all the good one gets of New-Year's."

13. **THE ORATORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL**, or Devotions to the Most Holy Sacrament and to our Blessed Lady. Translated from the works of the Venerable *Abbot Blossius*. By *Robert Aston Coffin*, Priest of the Oratory. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

Sweet flowers, redolent of that fragrance of the sanctuary, which filled the soul with delight in the "Ages of the Faith." The devout Christian could not do better than place them in his oratory, and satiate himself with the sweetness they will give.

## Editors' Table.

### THE NEW YEAR.

On entering upon the New Year the past and the future are both suggested to the mind. The old year has fled, leaving behind it the remembrance of many scenes of joy and sadness:—scenes, which as Catholics and citizens of this great Republic, we could wish to see erased from the page that will record them; scenes, on the other hand, to which we can turn with pleasure and gratification. We have witnessed with regret the increase and spread of principles adverse to the best interest of the country, and hostile to our holy religion. But while the pulpit, press and rostrum, have rung with invective against the Church of Rome, to which it is our happiness to belong, against her teachings, her ministers, her religious orders, Catholicity has increased in the country in an almost unparalleled degree. New churches have arisen in vast numbers, and in every grade, from the grand and imposing cathedrals which adorn our cities, to the rude and unadorned chapel wherein the zealous missionary offers up the august mysteries, attended by the dusky sons of the forest; the priesthood has increased; new religious houses have been founded; literary institutions of various grades have multiplied in every section of the country, and hundreds of our dissenting fellow-citizens have sought peace from the troubled sea of error in the haven of Catholic unity. This is a pleasing picture presented to our view, as we turn to the year that is past; this is the grand panorama that passes before us at the close of '55.

As citizens we may regret the unhallowed and unchristian spirit that has been invoked against us, but as Catholics we have reason to rejoice. The shafts of our enemies have fallen harmlessly at our feet, and while they have weakened themselves in their vain efforts to impede the progress of Catholicity, the Church has acquired new vigor, has extended her domain, and has been abundantly consoled in witnessing the increased fervor, piety, and devotedness of her children. Thus it is that Almighty God has drawn good from evil, and has turned the very efforts intended by the impious for the destruction of his Church into occasions of exaltation and triumph.

Of the future what can we say? We will not attempt to raise the veil to see what may be concealed behind it. Reasoning from the past, however, we have but little to apprehend and much to hope for. Even if it were possible for the enemies of our holy faith to realize their worst intentions, still Catholics need have no cause for alarm. He who promised to protect his Church even to the end of time, will most assuredly redeem his promise, and bring her forth from the fiery ordeal more bright and vigorous than before.

Let us then on this solemn festival, go to the temple with the Immaculate Mother of Jesus, and offer to God the first fruits of the new year, and invoke his divine blessing upon ourselves, our families, our children, our altars and our homes.

### MARY LEE: OR THE YANKEE IN IRELAND.

The author of this popular tale, PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire, begs us to present his compliments to our readers, and say that it will be impossible to conclude with the present number, as originally intended, and asks the favor of continuing it for a few numbers in the next volume. While we cheerfully assent to his request, we feel assured that this will be welcome intelligence to his numerous readers.

The adventures of "the Yankee in Ireland," who had gone there, as we are told, on "a speculation in tobacco and matrimony," have been so far truly adventurous. It would not do then to let the curtain fall without seeing the end of his "speculation." No, no. We must see what is to be the issue of all his schemes, bargains and negotiations. We must see the finale of the amiable, the virtuous, the lovely *Mary Lee*.

We can only assure our readers that the concluding portion of the Tale will lose nothing of its former attraction. On the contrary, that each succeeding chapter will impart to it new interest, and draw more fully on that store of humor and pathos for which the author is so justly distinguished. Turn, for example, to the first chapter in the present number, and read his soul-touching view of the "old church-yard."

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The reader will find much to admire in the following beautiful lines. That they are susceptible of improvement we are well aware, but we give them a place to encourage the fair authoress to try again. The theme is beautiful. We are too apt to forget the presence of that guardian spirit which keeps a ceaseless vigilance around us.

When o'er earth's dark pathway straying,  
O'er my heart there steals a calm,  
While my fancy is portraying  
Every ill and every harm,  
Methinks I hear my Guardian Angel  
Whispering gently in my ear:  
Fear not, my child, for to shield thee,  
'T was that God hath placed me here.

Guardian Spirit, can I proffer  
Aught to ease this task of thine;  
Is there aught I have to offer  
For thy love, so like divine?  
Would the brightest gem of ocean  
Be an offering meet for thee?  
Or the loveliest pearl, or amber?  
From the far off Indian sea.

Could I wrest a star from heaven,  
Shining in its beauty down  
On a quiet summer even,  
To add lustre to thy crown:  
Did I search earth, air and ocean,  
Every mine and every sea,  
Could I in their deep recesses  
Find a gift to offer thee?

Naught so transient, gentle spirit,  
Would thy loving heart repay,  
Mid the splendor of thy glory  
Dark would seem each fleeting ray.  
Unto thee our tears are jewels  
If from sorrows fount they spring,  
The soul which hears thy gentle teachings  
Is the purest offering.

GERTRUDE.

New York.

THE REV. MARCELLIN PEYROGROSSE.

The following brief sketch of the life of the Rev. Father Peyrogrosse, who died at St. Paul's, Minnesota, on the 16th of May last, was sent to us by a friend of the lamented deceased.

The Rev. Marcellin Peyrogrosse was born at Monistral, in France. In his early years he was sent to the college in that city, where his piety, talents and amiable conduct soon endeared him to his teachers and fellow students. Having completed his course of theology before he was of an age at which he could be ordained, he determined to devote himself to the foreign missions. Accordingly he sailed for the United States, and directed his course to Minnesota, with a view of laboring among the Indians of the far west. After his ordination, however, he was attached to the Bishop's house as professor of theology, and as assistant priest to the congregation. His devotedness to his pastoral duties, his kindness and his fervent piety, gained for him the love and

affection of all who knew him. His connection with his flock, however, was destined to be of short duration. His weak constitution soon gave way to the ravages of disease. For two weeks previously to his death he was compelled to keep to his bed. He prepared for the final stroke with a calmness and resignation that elicited the admiration of all who approached, and having been fortified by the sacraments of the Church, he expired on the 16th of May last. May he rest in peace.

#### BALMES' ESTIMATE OF VOLTAIRE.

One may thus comprehend how Voltaire took the lead of society and received to the last those plaudits which were showered upon him with such delirious enthusiasm. We are not wrong then in saying again that Voltaire was the living expression, the true personification of a large proportion of French society: France doubted, and Voltaire reduced to formula, and propagated the doubt; France had reached the highest degree of polish and cultivation; France, by the corruption of her morals, by the weakness of authority, the relaxation of all social ties, the fomentation of the most subversive ideas and the most dangerous sentiments, was upon the eve of social dissolution; and Voltaire was a powerful promoter of perturbation and of ruin. Any one who would wish to enter upon a profound study of the principal characteristics which distinguish this man, might complete his portrait by comparing him to a brilliant meteor formed of the inflammable vapors playing over a country just before a furious and destructive eruption of a volcano; the sinister light of his fame foretold the revolution which was just at hand to cover the face of France with impurity and blood.

*L'Ecole de Voltaire.*

#### THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

The following interesting statistics on the publication of the Bible, we subjoin from the *Dublin Telegraph*:

"In the year 1797 the New Testament was published in Edinburgh, with the approbation of the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Hay; and in 1800 the same Bishop had the entire Bible published. The publisher (a Protestant) of that edition, in a letter dated 26th April, 1830, during a discussion in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, makes some remarks worthy of notice. He says—

"I think it right to mention that, about 30 years ago, I printed two editions of the Douay Bible, of, I think, 3,000 and 2,000 copies. . . . I mention these circumstances in opposition to the assertion so often made by ignorant men—that the Catholic Church prohibits the reading of the Holy Scriptures."

"So much for the testimony of a Protestant.

"In 1809 R. Coyne, of Dublin, published an edition of the Bible, of 5,000 copies; and in 1811 he published another edition of the Douay. In 1820 he republished an edition of the New Testament of 20,000 copies; and in 1821 25 or 30,000 copies. In 1825 another edition was recommended by the Catholic Prelates, of which, in a few years, 90,000 copies were sold. In 1841 another edition of the same, by the same publisher, octavo, 80,000 copies; 1841, quarto, 5,000 copies.

"The following figures will show the copies published by the booksellers—five out of the six names being Protestants:

Mr. Coyne, Dublin.....	230,000	copies.
" Smyth, Belfast.....	18,000	"
Messrs. Simms & M'Intyre, Belfast.....	18,000	"
Mr. Mairs, Belfast.....	9,000	"
" Greer, Newry.....	4,000	"
Total.....	279,000	" "

The above table ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced mind, that the Catholic Church does not prevent, but on the contrary, encourages the reading and circulating of the word of God. It should moreover be borne in mind that previously to the relaxation of the penal laws in Great Britain and Ireland, Catholic Bibles and books of devotion were necessarily printed abroad. Indeed, we are not sure that any Catholic Bibles were printed at all in England or Ireland during the days of persecution. They were even consigned to the flames by order of the government, whenever found.



**MOZART.**

A good story is told of Mozart, the great composer, at the time he was pupil of Hadyn. Hadyn one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Hadyn, handed it to him, saying—

"There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give it the first trial."

Hadyn smiled at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and, placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed:—

"How is this, Mozart? How is this? Here my hands are stretched to both ends of the piano, and yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music, not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation of the great master, and, taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Hadyn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart was endowed, as our readers may have heard, with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a foot." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme end of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" Hadyn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, after acknowledging that he was beaten, declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

**WHAT ARE THE SOUND DUES?**

As these dues may possibly give rise to a serious dispute between the United States and Denmark, it will be interesting to know what they are. The "Sound" is a narrow strait lying between the Island of Zetland, belonging to the Danes, and the Swedish coast, and gives entrance to the Baltic Sea. The fortress of Cronburg Castle commands the passage, and exacts a payment from all vessels entering the Baltic; the ships of Denmark herself have to pay, as well as foreign tonnage. The origin of this exaction is, that in ancient times Denmark undertook to build and sustain certain light-houses along the coast, for which the Hansetowns agreed to pay.

England, France, Holland and Sweden pay a duty of one per cent. on every cargo entering the Baltic. Other countries, including the United States, pay one and a quarter per cent.; even Danish ships are taxed at this rate. In the year 1826 a treaty recognizing this duty was concluded between the United States and Denmark. This treaty, however, according to one of its stipulations, may be dissolved by either of the parties, provided they give one year's notice of their intention.

During the Presidency of John Tyler, our Government determined to put an end to the imposition. Mr. Upsher, then Secretary of State, fitted out for a fleet of merchantmen and vessels of war, under Commodore Stewart, which he designed should force its way into the Baltic, and at once rid the United States of the Sound duties. Mr. Upsher's sudden death, however, by the explosion of a cannon, just as the fleet was ready to start, delayed the expedition, and it was finally abandoned. Other attempts were made to abolish the tax. While Denmark was at war with Schleswig-Holstein, Mr. Fenniken, the U. S. minister, offered on the part of his government to pay Denmark \$250,000 for a ten years' suspension of the dues. Finally, on the 12th April last, the United States notified the Danish Government of their intention to cease paying the Sound duties, and the stipulation of the treaty will accordingly expire next spring. Should no amicable arrangement of the question be arrived at in the meanwhile, we may then expect to see our vessels passing the Sound under warlike convoy.

The Danes are much alarmed upon the subject, and fear the United States will seize upon their West India possessions, the Islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix.

# Record of Events.

From November 20, to December 20, 1855.

## I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Amid the innumerable cares and perplexing duties that devolved upon the Sovereign Pontiff as Supreme Head of the Church, he still finds time to inspect and examine in person even the most minute details of his government. The Pontificate of Pius IX is full of incidents which prove the deep interest he takes in the welfare even of the lowest of his subjects; but none exhibits more strongly the paternal kindness and benevolence of his heart than his visit to the new prison lately erected in the Eternal City. This visit which will long be remembered as prominent among many benevolent acts of the reign of the present Pontiff, is thus described by the Roman correspondent of the *Univers*, under the date of October 27th:

"His Holiness entered without being announced, and, consequently, found every one and every thing in the ordinary way. After having visited the chapels, he entered the infirmary, and approaching the beds, consoled and encouraged the patients individually, making particular inquiries regarding the care and attention they received. Even the prisons where the most desperate criminals were confined did not escape his paternal inspection, regardless of the danger which he thereby unquestionably incurred, being desirous of awakening feelings of religion and hope in the hearts of those unfortunate outcasts. All the apartments were carefully inspected, but the kitchen was especially the object of the charitable Pontiff. He examined the bread, and eat a morsel of it to ascertain the quality, and tasted the soup, wine and meat. After leaving the male prison his Holiness visited that of the females, and renewed with the same benevolence the inspection of every part with special solicitude. The work-room was carefully examined, and the Holy Father saw with pleasure that a large number of the condemned found therein a solace during their detention and a resource of their reëntrance into society after the expiration of their punishment. They are under the surveillance and direction of the good Sisters of Providence, whose introduction into the Roman prisons is unquestionably the best of all the measures taken for the amelioration of the penitentiary system. The Holy Father especially patronises them, and will by degrees introduce these angels of charity into all like establishments in the Pontifical States. This visit of his Holiness produced the happiest effects on the prisoners, impressing them with the conviction that their sovereign regards them with tenderness and compassion, and is deeply anxious about their reformation and happiness. All expressed their gratitude and joy at such evidences of paternal solicitude, and several received their pardon from the lips of his Holiness; while the most abandoned and desperate felt the influence of renewed hope. The entire inhabitants of Rome were delighted and edified at this new act of benevolence on the part of Pius IX, in whom they recognise a pontiff whose greatest happiness is to alleviate the sufferings and solace the afflictions of his subjects."

Other advices from Rome mention the visits of the Holy Father to several of the religious houses of that city. At the Carthusian Monastery, he dined in refectory with the religious, and knowing, the rigid abstinence of the holy inmates, he expressed a desire to dispense with the letter of their rule on that occasion, but the good fathers did not wish to avail themselves of the favor of his Holiness, and dined on their usual meagre fare. He subsequently visited the house of Penitence for women, under the care of the good Sisters of Providence, and also honored by his presence the Penitentiary for female convicts, which is under the care of an order of religious ladies, whose zeal and care for the unfortunate inmates have been attended with the happiest results.

On the 3d of November a Secret Consistory was held, at which the Concordat with Austria was finally ratified. On this occasion his Holiness delivered an Allocution, relating chiefly to the important treaty which had just been concluded, and promised the happiest fruits.—The Archiepiscopal *pallium* decreed some months since to Monsignor Vincent Spaccapietra, the newly appointed Archbishop of Trinidad, has been recently sent to that distinguished prelate. And his Holiness, to manifest his high regard for the Archbishop, commissioned the Very Rev. M. Talbot, an officer of his own household, to be the bearer of the *pallium* to the West Indies.

**SARDINIA.**—The king of Sardinia, at latest accounts, was absent on a visit to France, and which he had extended to England. Before his departure he opened the Piedmontese Chambers in person, at Turin. In his speech on the occasion, he alluded to his own domestic affliction and spoke of the Sardinian alliance with France and England, but said nothing in relation to the acts of the government in its violent proceeding against the monastic institutions, or of the proceedings which have been taken at Rome.

**SPAIN.**—A difficulty had arisen between the English and Spanish authorities in consequence of an English ship having been fired into by a Spanish vessel in the neutral waters of Tangiers. An explanation was demanded.—The papers announce the new colonization law, by virtue of which the minister is authorised to grant lands to any Spaniard or foreigner desirous of forming agricultural colonies in any of the waste districts of Spain. No grant over 600 acres can be made without the sanction of the legislature. Order had been restored at Saragossa, and the provinces were quiet.

**FRANCE.**—The grand Exhibition which had drawn to Paris so many thousands from the various nations of Europe, and even from our own country, was recently brought to a close. An address was read by Prince Napoleon, to which the Emperor replied as follows:

"In viewing so many wonders the first impression arising in my mind is, that of a desire for a lasting peace; however, peace must clearly settle the question for which war was undertaken. In order to be prompt, Europe must declare itself, for without the pressure of public opinion the contest between the great powers is likely to be prolonged; and on returning to your fellow-citizens tell them that if they desire peace they must declare for it openly—even their slightest wishes for or against it—for in the midst of the European conflict indifference is bad calculation, silence an error."

A great fire occurred at Paris on the 18th ult., which destroyed one of the large government buildings and a great supply of flour. The loss is computed to be nearly four millions of francs.—The foreign papers give lengthy details of the arrival and reception at Paris, of the king of Sardinia. He was met at the station on his arrival from Lyons, by Prince Napoleon, and proceeded in state to the Tuilleries.—The Emperor has lately issued a decree in which he declares that "being desirous of giving to the Empress Eugene, his well-beloved consort, a particular mark of his affection," he has decided that the educational establishments of the Legion of Honor, which are now to resume the name of "Maisons Imperiales Napoleon," are placed under the protection of the Empress, to whom a report of the situation and wants of these establishments is to be presented every year by the Grand Chancellor of the Legion.

**ENGLAND.**—The bread agitation still continues. Large meetings were held at Staffordshire, Birmingham, and other places. At one of the meetings held at Staffordshire, it was resolved to send a deputation to the Queen to represent to her Majesty the grievances of the people on account of the high price of bread. Another meeting adopted a memorial to the Queen touching the same subject. What these demonstrations may ultimately lead to, it is difficult to foresee.—Sir Charles Napier was returned to Parliament for the borough of Southwark without opposition, in place of Sir W. Molesworth.—The war excitement against the United States had nearly subsided.—Lord Codrington has been appointed to the command of the army in the Crimea.—Parlia-

ment will meet on the 18th of January, though an early dissolution is talked of.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is at present in London, and is about to give a series of concerts and oratorios.

**IRELAND.**—The political news of Ireland for the last month, presents nothing striking. A subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell is being made, and now amounts to the sum of £1,012.—The odious and unjust "income tax" is beginning to attract more attention of late, and to awaken a firm but respectful opposition on the part of the clergy. The illustrious Archbishop of Tuam has addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, exposing the absurdity of compelling the Catholic Hierarchy to contribute their portion to the income tax, while the law of the land not only denies them aid in the collection of their just dues, but even formally and expressly ignores their very existence. A Catholic Bishop, as his Grace forcibly illustrates the case, is handed a document requiring him to enter therein the amount of his income, and whence derivable. If he comply, he is in truth bound to state that the receipts he returns are obtained by him in virtue of his episcopal office, and by making this assertion he subjects himself to the severe penalty provided by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. If he decline, the officer of the crown is at liberty to assess him in any amount he deems proper, and mulct him to whatever extent his prejudices or his passions may dictate.

**French Sisters of Charity**—The French Sisters of Charity have been lately introduced into Ireland for the first time, and have established themselves at Drogheda. The reception they received was worthy of their high and holy mission. The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland, with the clergy of the parish and vicinity, and a vast concourse of people, assembled to meet them on their entrance into the town, and to invoke the blessing of heaven upon those pious daughters of St. Vincent, and upon the charitable labors they were about to commence.—It is stated in some of the papers that the Archbishops of the four provinces are directed by a rescript from Rome to demand an explanation of certain parts of the evidence given by Professor Crolly and several others of Maynooth College before the late commission of enquiry.

**Crops.**—The crops of potatoes and turnips are generally good. The following instance of an extraordinary yield is worthy of notice. Mr. French, the governor of Ballymena union work-house, is said to have gathered from a field which he sowed in the latter part of June last, twenty turnips which weighed together *two hundred and thirteen pounds*. Three of them weighed each *fourteen pounds*.

**AUSTRIA.**—Austria still holds a peaceful attitude amidst the belligerent powers, and apparently more inclined to act the part of a mediator between them than to join in the contest. It is stated that the government is again making efforts to bring about a peace between the Allies and Russia, with some distant prospect of success. Peace and quiet reign throughout the Empire.

**PRUSSIA.**—The government of Prussia also holds so far a neutral ground. Though well inclined towards Russia, policy still compels her to stand aloof from the contest. The king in reply to an address made to him by the municipality of Berlin, on his birth-day, used the following language:—"I thank the municipal council of the capital and royal residences for the good wishes which they have addressed to me on the occasion of my birth-day. Whatever pleasure my paternal heart may feel at receiving an assurance of the unalterable devotion and fidelity of the men who are placed at the head of the capital, and who enjoyed well-merited consideration, I cannot conceal from you the painful impression which the recent elections at Berlin for the Chamber of Deputies have made upon me. The loyal and devoted sentiments which you have conveyed to your king proves to me that you share in my regrets, especially at such a period as this, when the country knows the necessity of fortifying the government."

**RUSSIA.**—Whatever may be the ulterior designs of Russia, the most active war preparations are still carried on, and indeed if we may judge from appearance, the idea of peace is only a delusion. Advices from St. Petersburg announce that the Emperor has

submitted to his council a plan for another levy *en masse* throughout the empire.—The new gun-boats invented by the Emperor of France, and tried with so much success at the taking of Kinburn, has somewhat alarmed the Russian Government for the safety of her sea-board towns. St. Petersburg, which it is expected will be attacked in the spring, is to be fortified with a double wall. The government is extensively engaged in the construction of railways, steamers, and the manufacture of arms.—Catholicity is still the object of bitter persecution in many parts of the empire, especially in Poland. In allusion to this subject the correspondent of the *Northern Times* thus writes:—"Next to the expulsion of the French and English armies, from what she calls her 'sacred soil,' Russia seems to have nothing at present so much at heart as the utter extirpation of the Catholic faith in her vast dominions, and more particularly in Poland, still a Catholic country, as it was of old the bulwark of Christianity imperiled by Turkish fanaticism. The sad state of the Church in Poland is more than proof enough of what we here advance. Of the ten episcopal sees of that ancient kingdom, only one, that of Lublin, is now filled by a bishop. The prelates who lately occupied the episcopal benches are gone—they died—some of age and infirmity, and others, broken and bruised, at least in heart, by the cruel hand of schismatic persecution. The last of these heroic men who fought the good fight, and gloriously finished his course, was the Primate of Russia, the Archbishop of Mohilew, of whose recent demise we have just been apprized. The only surviving prelate, Mgr. Pienkowski, bishop of Lublin, is now in his seventieth year. On him now rests the hope of the Polish Church; and should he, aged as he is, sink under a daily accumulating load of mental and bodily sufferings, ere new prelates be appointed to the vacant sees, the venerable hierarchy of this ancient and glorious kingdom will become extinct, and may be said to have followed him to the grave. We trust the Almighty has something better in store for the country of St. Stephen, of Sobieski and of Kosciuszko."

**SWEDEN.**—General Caurobert, as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Court of France, was at latest dates at Stockholm. He met a most cordial reception from the King, but the object of his mission has not yet transpired. It is believed, however, that its chief object is to induce the government of Sweden to join the Allies in the prosecution of the war; or as others will have it, that it has reference to an alliance between a member of the imperial house of France with the royal family of Sweden.

**BELGIUM.**—The Legislative Chamber was recently opened by the King in person. In his address, his majesty made use of the following words, which breathe a paternal feeling, and evince the deep interest he takes in the humbler class of his subjects:—"The necessity of ameliorating the sufferings and supplying the wants of the poorer classes of my subjects, induces me to claim your support for measures to control the burthens which so severely press upon the humbler people."

**GREECE.**—King Otho, in his speech to the Greek Chambers, which he lately opened, thanked the nation for the attachment it had evinced, and promised to maintain neutrality, at the same time to preserve the friendship of foreign powers. In this, however, his majesty would seem to make an exception in favor of Russia, as we learn from the correspondent of the *Catholic Standard*, writing from Athens under date of the 29th ult. "The devotedness to Russia no longer requires to be concealed. It is professed openly; it is a title to favor. You are already aware of the deplorable incidents which took place at the inauguration of the new Greek Church. In spite of all the excuses and pretexts employed to extenuate the affair, you may be certain that it is one of great importance. The King and Queen went with great pomp. The Minister of the Czar, M. Persiani, and all the *personnel* of the Russian Legation and clergy, received their Majesties with great honor. Hymns were chanted, in which the names of the Emperor Alexandria and King Otho were mingled together. You have no idea of all that is invented to neutralise the effect of the disasters suffered by the Russians. To attain that end the public are persuaded that Russia will definitively triumph by means of Ger-

many. While this agitation reigns in the capital, where all bad passions are in full play, the accounts from the provinces inform us of acts of the most odious barbarity which the brigands practised. The village of Merali, situate at some leagues from Alatand, has been the theatre of a massacre. A furious band of brigands entered suddenly and destroyed it. These miscreants cut off both the ears of Jean Didi, tore out his eyes, and after mutilating him, forced his wife, by throwing her into the fire, to eat from the detached limbs of her husband. They burnt another man alive. Another man named Ganji, was murdered by them; they thrust a ramrod, heated red-hot, through his head from ear to ear. The whole of the inhabitants of the village were treated without pity, and the greater part will henceforth be incapable of doing anything for their living in consequence of their wounds. At the moment when the nomad shepherds return to their winter pastures, it is to be feared that the brigandage will assume a character so menacing that it will force the villagers to abandon their labor in the fields."

**THE CRIMEA.**—The military operations in this region for the last month are unimportant, and consist chiefly in a desultory fire between the Russian batteries and those of the Allies. It has been determined, however, by the allies to destroy the part of the city which they occupy, and at last accounts large forces were employed in the work of destruction. Marshal Pelissier, in a late report to the minister of war gives an account of a successful *coup de main* effected on the 3d of November, by the expeditionary corps of Eupatoria, under the orders of General d'Allonville, for the capture of sundry large flocks, destined for the use of the Russian army, collected at El Tock, eight leagues north of Eupatoria. The operation had succeeded, and at nine o'clock Ali Pacha returned to Eupatoria, bringing with him two hundred and seventy oxen, three thousand four hundred and fifty sheep, fifty horses, ten camels and twenty vehicles, taken from the Russians.—The Sisters of Mercy are at length firmly established in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale resigned the superintendence of the General Hospital at Balaklava, in the early part of October, and the care of the institution was immediately confided to the Sisters of Mercy. Their arrival there is said to have caused the greatest satisfaction, and their presence commands universal respect. Scarcely, however, had they entered on the arduous duties of their new mission, than one of their number, Sister Winifer, fell a victim to the cholera. She was borne to the grave by a body of Sappers in token of their gratitude for her care and attention to them, and was followed by her surviving sisters, by Miss Nightingale, a large number of the soldiers, and the inmates of the hospital.—A heavy explosion of a store of powder at the French siege tram, took place on the 15th November, causing, besides the destruction of a vast amount of the munitions of war, the loss of some thirty lives, and a large number wounded.

**TURKEY.**—Late advices describe a bad state of affairs at Constantinople. Murders and robberies were committed in the open streets, and there were evidences of increasing fanaticism against the Christians. The evil had increased so far that the allied commanders had called on the Turkish government to prevent the outrages, under a threat of taking the police regulations into their hands. The Tunisian soldiers had mutinied and killed several of the allied troops and wounded others.—Cholera had broken out with severity at Scutari, and has carried off many men of the Anglo-German legion.—The French are recruiting on a grand scale for their foreign legion.—The Tunisian troops are gone to Batoum.—Much scarcity exists in articles of consumption at Constantinople.—The Ottoman government has prohibited the export of grain until next harvest with the exception of what may be required for the use of the allied fleets and armies. This is in consideration of the increasing scarcity.—A waterspout burst in the harbor of Tunis, and sunk five ships on the 18th of November.



## II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

*Religious Reception.*—On the 4th instanc, two young ladies, Miss Elizabeth Metcalfe and Miss Anastasia Doyle, were received into the order of the Sisters of Mercy, at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception in this city, the former taking the name in religion of Sister M. Josephine, and the latter that of Sister M. Veronica. Miss Metcalfe was admitted as Choir Sister, and Miss Doyle as Lay Sister. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's Church, which adjoins the Convent. The venerable Father Hickey presided, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McColgan, and several other clergymen. The Rev. Mr. Foley preached on the occasion. The ceremony was touching and deeply impressive. On the 21st November, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, Mrs. Laura Lusby, Miss Louisa Hoffman, of Baltimore, and Miss Mary McCauley, of Alexandria, were admitted to the religious habit, receiving the names of Sister M. Loretto, Sister M. Angela, and Sister M. Vincent. The Rev. Father Schmidt, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Caton, presided on the occasion. On the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Sister Mary Ignatia (McDonald) was admitted to the holy profession by the Rev. Father Villiger, S. J. On the same occasion, Miss Mary Ann Cassidy, of Boston, received the white veil, taking the name of Sister Ambrosia; and Sister Euphrosia made her oblation.

*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation on the 28th of October, at St. Agnes' Church, near Catonsville, Baltimore county. This beautiful little church is under the pastoral care of the Rev. Father Caton, to whose zeal and energy the Catholics in that section are indebted for its erection.

2. *Diocese of Boston.*

*Church Dedication.*—On Sunday the 24th ultimo, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Boston dedicated a new church at Lynn, Mass., under the patronage of the Mother of God. The Rev. Dr. Cummings preached on the occasion. On the same occasion the Rt. Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about two hundred persons. Another new church was recently dedicated to the service of God in the thriving town of Lawrence, under the invocation of the Immaculate Virgin.

3. *Diocese of Newark.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark has published a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing a jubilee in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, to take place during the month of December. The venerable prelate inculcates in the strongest terms, a tender devotion to the Queen of heaven. "Nothing," he observes, "is more remarkable as connected with the revival of piety in our days, than the increased devotion of all good Christians towards the blessed Mother of God. The definition of her Immaculate Conception has already added new fervor to this filial love, and will no doubt tend to draw down additional blessings from God upon us, and upon his Church. You will therefore, dearly beloved brethren, join your devotions to those with which the universal Church has received the dogmatic decision of this important truth."

4. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, on the 25th of November, ordained Messrs. John Hackett and Matthew Carroll, priests, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, and on the same occasion the order of sub-deacon was conferred on Thomas Ryan.

*New Church.*—A new church was dedicated on the 25th of November at Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa.

5. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Within the last month, a letter from his Holiness, Pope Pius IX, to the Most Rev. Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, was published in the Catholic journals of that city. This letter of the illustrious Pontiff, was in reply to an address from the Prelates of the late Provincial Council of New York. His Holiness strongly recommends the establishment of an American Ecclesiastical College in Rome. This subject addresses itself not only to the Catholics of the Province of New York, but to the Catholics of the whole country, and is one worthy of their serious and earnest consideration. It would be attended with important and happy results. We insert the letter for the benefit of our readers and for future reference, and as an additional evidence of deep solicitude entertained by the Holy Father for the Church of America:

## VENERABLE BRETHREN:—HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

The letter subscribed by you all, was delivered to us by our venerable Brother John, Bishop of Buffalo, whom we received most kindly, and listened to with great pleasure speaking of your affairs. Certainly it was no small joy to us to learn more and more from that venerable brother, as well as from your letter, how great piety, love and obedience you bear towards us and this Chair of Peter, the centre of Catholic truth and unity. Most gladly we learned with what episcopal solicitude you provided for the celebration of the first Provincial Synod of New York,—whose acts, according to ancient rule, you have sent us, and asked that we would vouchsafe to approve, or even, where need may be, correct. You will receive a fit answer from our Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, to whose attention we have referred the acts of the Council, and in the letter of that Council you will have a new proof of the great affection which we entertain constantly towards you, venerable brethren, and your churches. But while, in the meantime, we announce to you that your wishes have been gratified by us in the election of a new Bishop for Portland, we cannot but praise the pastoral solicitude with which, according to the Sacred Canons, you assembled, and invoking the light of the Holy Ghost, have striven by mutual advice to establish what may conduce to the discipline of the clergy, to more and more cherishing the piety of the faithful people, to rooting out the seeds of vice, to averting the dangers of seduction, and more correctly instructing the youth in the true faith and solid virtue.

But while we highly commend this your zeal, so worthy of Catholic Prelates, we encourage you anew that, leaning on the divine aid, you may proceed with yet greater alacrity to fulfil all the duties of your office, never leaving any thing untried by which our most holy religion, and its salutary doctrine, may receive greater increase in those regions, and that the unhappy wanderers may return to the path of salvation. But spare never, venerable brethren, any cares, any counsels, any labors, that, while there are any unbelievers to be found in your dioceses, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, you may be able to enlighten them with the light of the Gospel, and to gain them to Christ.

But that you may provide more easily for the wants of your dioceses, and may be able to have skilful and industrious laborers who can help you in cultivating the vineyard of the Lord, we most earnestly wish, as we already have intimated to some of your order (who to our no common gratification were here in Rome on the occasion of our dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God), that comparing your advice, and uniting your resources, you would please to erect in this our fair city of Rome a College appropriated to the clergy of your nation. For your wisdom will instruct you how great advantages may redound to your dioceses from an institution of that kind. Because, by this arrangement, youth chosen by you, and sent hither as the hope of religion, will grow up as in a nursery, and imbued here with piety and with an excellent education, and drawing from its very fountain a doctrine incorrupt, and learning the institutes, and the rights and holy ceremonies in the method of the Church which is the Mother and Mistress of all others,—when they return

to their country, will be able properly to discharge the office of a parish priest, or of a preacher, or of a professor, and to shine as an example of life to people, to instruct the ignorant and to bring back the erring to the paths of truth and justice, as well as, by the armor of sound doctrine, to confound the madness and refute the fallacies of men of guile. If you will ratify this our desire, which looks only to the spiritual good of those regions, we certainly, as much as lies in us, will not omit to assist you with all diligence, that you may establish the said college.

Finally, we would assure you that we offer earnest prayer to the Most Gracious Father of Mercies, that he may pour out always upon you favorably the richest gifts of his goodness, that these also may descend copiously upon the beloved flocks committed to your charge. And as the pledge of these, and as a witness of our most thoughtful love towards you, we very affectionately bestow from our inmost heart, on each of you, and on all the clergy and faithful laity of those churches, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, January 1st, 1855, in the ninth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS, P. P. IX.

*Church Dedication.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop dedicated a new church at Port Jarvis, on the 19th of November, under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God. The illustrious prelate preached on the occasion.

*Confirmation.*—The same distinguished prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on the feast of St. Gertrude, to four hundred and twenty persons at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Among those confirmed, a large number were converts. The Archbishop also confirmed three hundred and forty-five persons at New Brighton, S. I., and ninety at Port Jarvis.

#### 6. Diocese of Portland.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about two hundred persons at Portsmouth, on the 25th of November. The distinguished prelate delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse on the occasion.

#### 7. Diocese of Hartford.

On the 18th of November the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Rielly visited the church of the Holy Virgin of Mount Carmel, at Crompton, R. I., and administered the Holy Sacrament to about three hundred and fifty persons.

#### 8. Diocese of Milwaukee.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Milwaukee, during the first part of November, visited a portion of his diocese, and conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on five hundred and eleven persons. On the 27th of October sixteen young ladies received the white veil from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, at the Convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee. There were at that time thirty-eight Sisters in the institution, besides twenty others waiting to receive the white veil.

#### 9. Obituary.

On Sunday the 2d inst. Mother Delphine departed this life at the Carmelite Convent in this city, after a protracted illness. The venerable deceased was in the 66th year of her age, forty-three of which she had passed in the community of which she was a member. Her family name was Smith, and her father was a prominent officer in the old Maryland Line.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. John McCloskey, a young man of talent and piety, at the College of All-Hallows, in the diocese of Richmond, on the 13th of October last. The deceased was in the third year of his theological studies, and had received Minor Orders. *May they rest in peace.*

## III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

*Meeting of Congress.*—On the first Monday of the present month, the National Congress met at the Capital at Washington, and proceeded to organize by the election of Speaker, but without success. The members continued to meet day after day, from the 3d to the 21st, voted and met again, but each day with like result, and so far have been unable to elect a Speaker, having voted sixty-six times. Mr. Richardson, the Democratic candidate, stood at the last vote, 75; Mr. Banks, Free Soil Fusion candidate, 106; Mr. Fuller, American, 38, and several scattering votes. What the result may be, it is impossible to conjecture.

*Troubles in Kansas.*—A difficulty occurred in Kansas Territory between the free soil and the pro-slavery settlers, which for some time wore a threatening aspect. The origin of the difficulty so far as we are able to understand it properly, grew out of an attempt on the part of several free soilers to drive a pro-slavery man named Coleman, from the territory. Coleman resisted, and in the affray that followed, shot one of his assailants. This greatly exasperated the friends of the latter, who assembled, armed with rifles, drove Coleman's wife and children from the premises, and burned his house, together with the houses of several other pro-slavery men, whom they ordered to leave. The deputy marshal arrested the leader of the mob and several others. The abolitionists assembled in large numbers at Leecompton, and demanded the release of their friends, and the surrender of Coleman. Upon this the governor issued a proclamation calling on the militia of the county to assist the officers. The excitement, however, still continued to increase, and in a few days several hundred, or as the papers say, several thousand men were under arms, the pro-slavery party being the more numerous. Governor Shannon, fearing the most serious consequences, and deeming his own authority insufficient to preserve the peace of the territory, applied to President Pierce for authority to call to his aid the United States forces at Fort Leavenworth. To this the President sent the following reply:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1855.

Your despatch received. All the power vested in the Executive will be exerted to preserve order and enforce the laws. On the receipt of your letter the preliminary measures necessary to be taken before calling out troops will be promptly executed, and you will be then fully advised.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The excitement, however, soon abated, and it was not found necessary to resort to these extremes. At present order is nearly restored.

*Invasion of Nicaragua.*—It will be remembered that a short time ago, Col. Walker, famous for his attempt to revolutionize a portion of New Mexico, invaded Nicaragua with a band of daring adventurers, overturned the Government and established upon its ruins an independent republic, constituting himself its head. This daring act of outrage perpetrated on a friendly state; a state having, at the very time, a minister residing at Washington, has been generally met with merited disapprobation. Mr. Wheeler, our Minister to Nicaragua, prematurely acknowledged Walker's government, who immediately sent a Mr. French as envoy to this country. Mr. Wheeler's conduct has not been approved of by our Government, and Mr. French has not been received in the capacity in which he has been sent; on the contrary, the President has forewarned our citizens from taking any part in Walker's movements, and has issued the following proclamation:

*A Proclamation.*—Whereas information has been received by me that sundry persons, citizens of the United States and others, residents therein, are preparing within the jurisdiction of the same to enlist, or enter themselves, or to hire or retain others to participate, in military operations within the State of Nicaragua:

Now, therefore, I, Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, do warn all persons against connecting themselves with any such enterprize or undertaking, as being contrary to their duty as good citizens and to the laws of their country, and threatening to the peace of the United States.

I do further admonish all persons who may depart from the United States, either singly or in numbers, organized or unorganized, for any such purpose, that they will thereby cease to be entitled to the protection of this government.

I exhort all good citizens to discountenance and prevent any such disreputable and criminal undertaking as aforesaid, charging all officers, civil and military, having lawful power in the premises, to exercise the same for the purpose of maintaining the authority and enforcing the laws of the United States.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

